

The Sketch



No. 423.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



[Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.]

MISS ROSIE BOOTE, THE WINSOME SONGSTRESS WHO MADE "MAISIE" POPULAR
IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AND IS NOW ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO THE MARQUIS OF HEADFORT.

(See "The Sketch" Clubman overleaf.)

THE CLUBMAN.

The King's Visit to Friedrichshof—The Colonial Trip of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—The Rival Blues—Lord Headfort's Engagement.

FAMILY affection took Germany's Emperor away from Germany and brought him to England. Family affection also drew King Edward from England to Germany. Next to our King, the Kaiser is now the most popular monarch amongst the English. The Raid telegram is forgotten, and now a hearty welcome will always be given in this country to our late Queen's loving grandson. In the same way, let us hope that the visit of the English King will do much to quiet the pro-Boers of Germany, who, whatever their feelings may be towards our enemies, cannot fail to recognise what we have long known over here—the great, kind heart of our King. Two visits of this kind take the politicians of both countries away from themselves, and lead them, as it were, into the circle where politics find no place. The sorrows of the two Royal Houses are shared by the subjects of both, and Germans and Anglo-Saxons, following the examples of their Rulers, remember they are brothers, after all. We were all glad to know that King Edward was back in town on Sunday last, for London doesn't seem quite itself when the popular Sovereign we all liked so well as the Prince of Wales is absent.

The next Royal event of Imperial moment will be the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York for the Antipodes. It was a wise and right move to say that even Court-mourning should not stop the King's son, our great Queen's grandson, from visiting those young lands which are giving their very best for the Old Motherland which they have never forgotten. It is also a sagacious arrangement to extend the journey and to see that, as far as possible, all our Colonies shall be visited. The patriotic enthusiasm evoked by the War may die away before long, but it is sure to revive at the sight of the future King and Queen of the Colonies.

Everything is being done to make the Royal visit across the seas an entire success, and in the names of those who are going on the Duke of Cornwall's Staff there is the very best guarantee that nothing will be left undone that should be done. The *Ophir*, which arrived at Portsmouth last week from the Thames, is nearly ready for her voyage, and on March 16 will start, carrying not only the Heir-Apparent and his amiable wife, but all the best wishes of the nation. That the young lands will do their part nobly goes without saying. Indeed, the only trouble seems to be that the visit won't be long enough to please those who are preparing a right Imperial reception for their Royal Highnesses. However, in these days of rapid sea-passages, when every day a fresh bit is taken off the length of all roads, the Colonials may with a good deal of reason look forward to a second visit to enable them to give another welcome to the Empire's Prince and Princess.

London is beginning to emerge from its mourning. To-day is the last day of the nation's deep mourning, and we may now look for some display of colour in the streets, where black has clothed the population for over six weeks. The first big display of brightness will be brought to Town and Clubland by the rival blues of our two great Universities, whose annual boat-race takes place at the end of this month. From mourning to the "blues" doesn't sound very much of a change; but, still, there will not be much cause of complaint left to the lover of bright colours by the time that London has been captured by the blues.

Even Clubland gets the blue-fever. In another fortnight or three weeks, while Clubs like the Isthmian and the Sports will be crowded with the comrades of the crews, old Blues in the Carlton, the Travellers', and the Naval and Military Clubs will gather and fight the battle of the Blues instead of discussing the various mistakes of the War, the incompetency of Generals, and other common Club topics of the day. I am told by those who know, or think they know, a good deal that the money this time should be on Oxford. However, it is better for would-be gamblers on the result to wait till we see both crews on the tideway at Putney, and then follow the opinions of the rowing prophets, who can certainly claim in past years that their prophecies have seldom been wrong. Indeed, to use sporting phraseology, the straight tip is the one to follow in boat-races, just as it is the one to avoid on the Turf. So far, sporting Clubmen say "Oxford."

The Clubs have been a good deal stirred by the announcement that the stage is once more supplying the Peerage with a helpmate. The popular Gaiety this time is the theatre from which a Marquis has chosen his bride. The Marquis of Headfort in the *Daily Telegraph* of Friday last publicly announced his engagement to Miss Rosie Boote, the charmingly graceful songstress who has made such a "hit" in "Maisie Gets Right There," in "The Messenger Boy." His Lordship is the son of the late Marquis of Headfort by his second wife, who was, before she married for the second time, the widow of Captain Eustace Patten, 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Lord Winmarleigh. The Marquis is in his twenty-third year and is a Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards. Lord Headfort's father married first of all Miss Thompson, whose money passed at her death to her son, Lord Bective, and Lord Bective, who married Lady Alice Hill, daughter of the Marquis of Downshire, died, leaving one daughter, now Lady Henry Bentinck. I may add that Miss Rosie Boote is a graceful and charming Irish girl, Tipperary being her native county.

CORONATION DATES.

WITH the keenest interest, we are all wondering when King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra will be crowned. Rumour persists in asserting that the ceremony cannot take place earlier than next February, because the Court will be in mourning till then, and the last two Coronations are instanced as giving weight to the notion. But, though State ceremonials are usually governed very much by the most recent precedents, still, it will be interesting to look back at the official records of all the Coronation Ceremonies since the Conquest and see what has been done theret.

THE NEW KING NOTIFIES HIS WISHES

respecting the date of his Coronation by a Proclamation, which is posted at the gates of the Horse Guards and published in the *London Gazette*, and until it is issued we must forsooth wait for the much-desired official information.

How far our new King may be guided by precedents it is impossible to conjecture, but it may safely be taken for granted that His Majesty will not fix the time for such an exceptionally grand public function at a period of the year when the days are short and the weather uncertain. The probability of fine, warm weather for the festivities would prompt the people to prepare for the event with a heartiness and pleasurable anticipation which would be lacking if there were any fear of November fogs or February snowstorms.

Since the Conquest, there have been, say,

THIRTY-FIVE KINGS AND QUEENS CROWNED

as Sovereigns, and, taking the average length of time between the dates of their Accessions and Coronations, it will be found that the period is, as near as may be,

FOUR MONTHS.

In making this calculation, I have excluded Henry VI., as he was but nine years old on his Accession and was not crowned till more than seven years afterwards. Nor have I reckoned the second installations of Henry III. and Henry IV. In the case of George IV., I have taken the date originally fixed by His Majesty's Proclamation of February 1820, by which he appointed Aug. 1 following for the ceremony. His second Proclamation postponed the event for nearly twelve months, to enable Queen Caroline to bring before the Privy Council her claim to be crowned as of right at the same time as the King. It will be remembered that the Court of Claims decided against Her Majesty, and she was not crowned. The shortest interval between an Accession and a Coronation appears to have been in the case of Henry I., who was chosen King on Aug. 2, 1100, and

CROWNED THREE DAYS AFTERWARDS.

Henry III. was but nine days uncrowned, Edward III. twelve days—indeed, it is evident that in those days Coronations were carried out "on the shortest notice." From Edward I. (1272) to George III. (1761)

THE AVERAGE INTERVAL WAS TWO MONTHS.

The longer periods commenced with William IV., who began to reign June 26, 1830, and was crowned Sept. 8, 1831. Then came our late most revered Queen, who came to the Throne June 20, 1837, and was crowned June 28, 1838.

WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK.

Kings and Queens in the good old times were, like their subjects, superstitious—witness the ceremony of "Touching for the King's Evil"—and the almanacks of the period indicated boldly the lucky and unlucky days. "Better the day, better the deed," says the old adage, and it would seem that the ancestors of our Sovereign thought so too. A list of the ceremonials shows that nearly half of the Coronation Days have been Sundays. Edward the Elder, on Whit-Sunday 901, is first on the list, and the last is Elizabeth, on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1558. Thursday comes as next favourite with nine, including James II., William and Mary, Anne, George IV., William IV., and Victoria. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday have two each, and Friday one, the unlucky Harold II. No one seems to have honoured Saturday by selecting it for a Coronation.

QUEENS CONSOFT NOT CROWNED AT THE SAME TIME AS THEIR HUSBANDS—

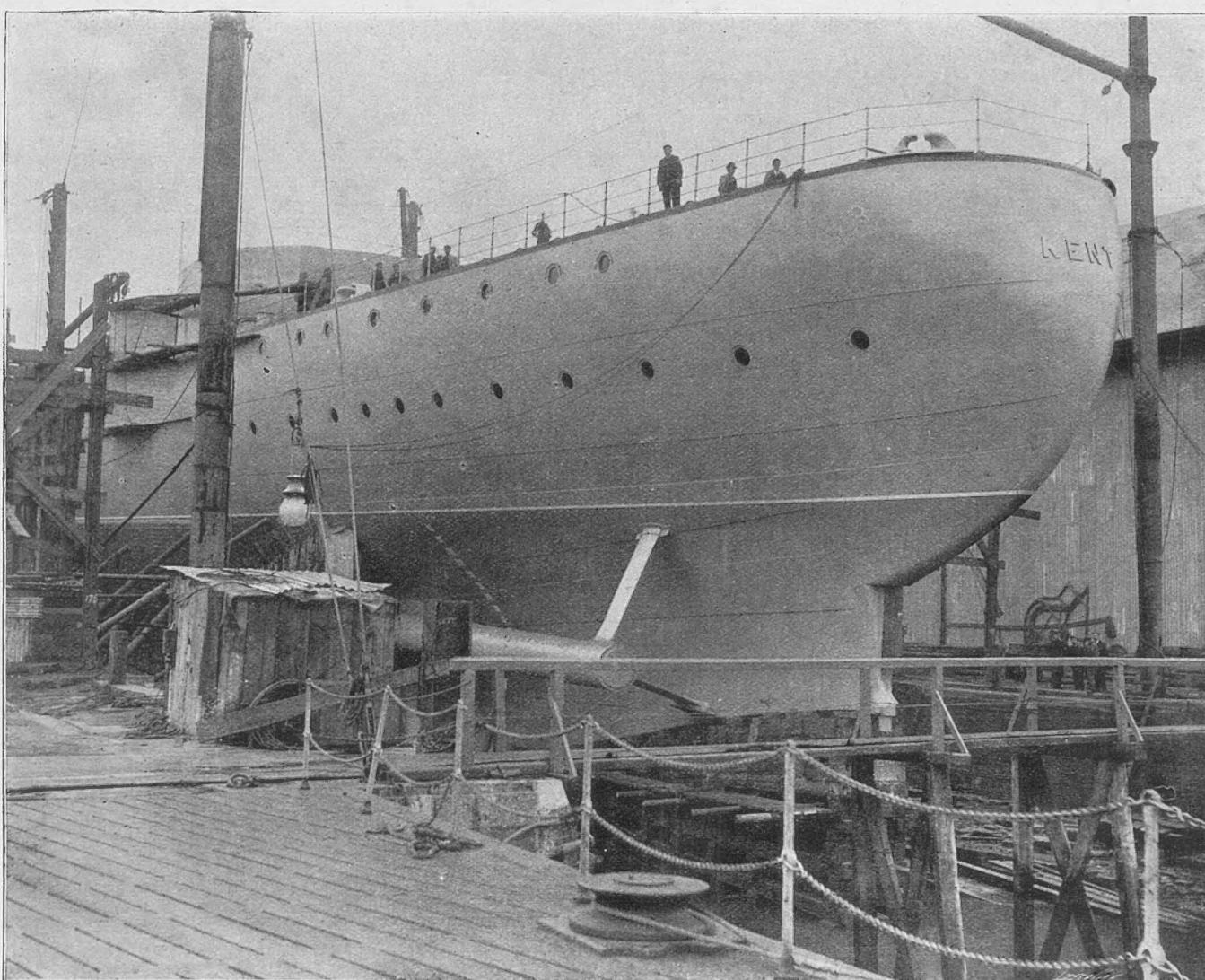
QUEEN.	KING.	DATE.	DAY.
Maud	William the Conqueror	April 22, 1068	Whit-Sunday.
Maud	Henry I.	Nov. 11, 1100	Sunday.
Adeliza	Second Wife	June 30, 1121	Whit-Sunday.
Maud	Stephen	March 22, 1136	Easter Sunday.
Eleanor	Henry II.	Dec. 25, 1158	Christmas Day.
Bereugaria	Richard I.	May 12, 1191	Sunday.
Isabella	John	Oct. 8, 1200	Sunday.
Eleanor	Henry III.	Jan. 20, 1236	Sunday.
Anne	Richard II.	Jan. 22, 1382	Thursday.
Isabel	Second Wife	Nov. 14, 1397	Sunday.
Joan	Henry IV.	Oct. 13, 1399	Monday.
Katharine	Henry V.	Feb. 24, 1421	Friday.
Elizabeth	Edward IV.	May 26, 1465	Whit-Sunday.
Elizabeth	Henry VII.	Nov. 25, 1487	Thursday.
Anne Boleyn	Henry VIII.	June 1, 1533	Whit-Sunday.

Since 1042, the Sovereigns have been

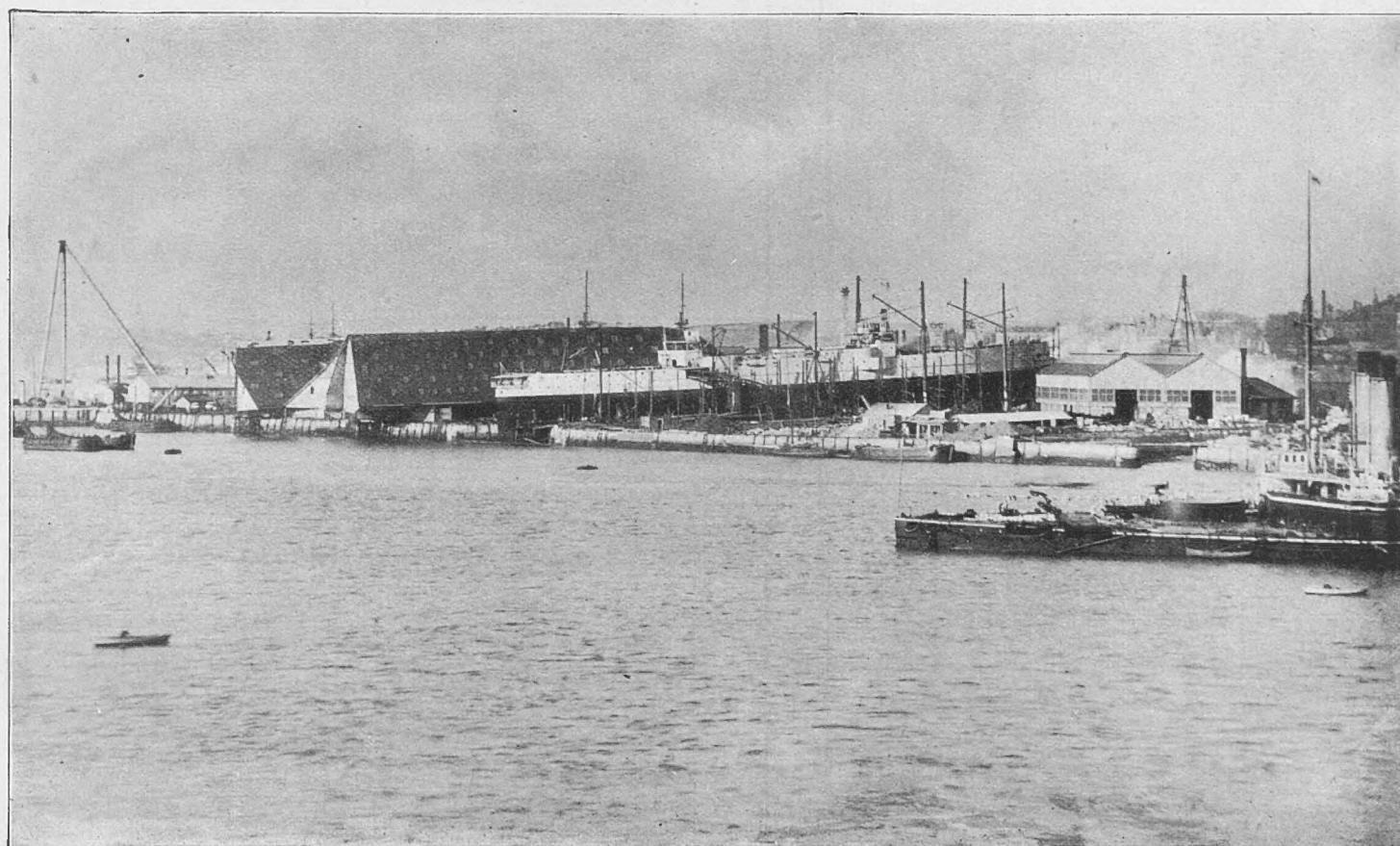
CROWNED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

excepting Henry III., who was crowned at Gloucester. Previous to 1042, Kingston-on-Thames, Winchester, Oxford, and London were the places selected for the ceremony. Except in three or four instances, the Archbishops of Canterbury officiated.

HIS MAJESTY'S NEW WARSHIPS.



H.M.S. "KENT" (AS SEEN FROM PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR) ON HER CRADLE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



H.M.S. "MONTAGU" BEFORE SHE WAS LAUNCHED AT DEVONPORT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CROCKETT, STONEHOUSE.
(See *Narrative of the "Record" Launches*, next Page.)

HIS MAJESTY'S NEW WARSHIPS.

A RECORD FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.

ONE may search our Naval annals from end to end, and, for that matter, those of other Great Powers which boast of a large sea force, but it is certain that they will not produce anything like the record which Great Britain established on Tuesday, March 5. The Admiralty then arranged that four warships should "take to the water" at our Royal Naval Dockyards within an hour or so of one another. The nearest approach to this parallel was probably the launching, many years ago, at Devonport of the cruisers *Talbot* and *Psyche*. They took the water within an hour of one another.

The quartet launched on March 5 consisted of the first-class Battleships *Montagu*, at Devonport, and *Albemarle*, at Chatham—two of the *Duncan* class; and the armoured cruisers *Kent*, at Portsmouth, and the *Drake*, at Pembroke Dock. These four powerful warships would, in themselves, make a good show as a squadron, and, added to the Battleship *Russell*, launched quite recently, and others which are on the verge of completion, would help to form a Fleet the size and fighting qualities of which would put to shame the Navies of some European smaller nations.

H.M.S. "MONTAGU" AND H.M.S. "ALBEMARLE"

are sister ships, each of 14,000 tons displacement. They will

be fitted with engines of 18,000 indicated horse-power, which are estimated to give a speed of 19 knots, compared with 18½ knots of vessels of similar dimensions. The vital parts of these vessels will be protected by a belt of armour of Harveyised steel, seven inches in thickness, and extending a length of 209 feet, tapering off to three inches in thickness at the bow and stern. The ships were commenced at different times, and it is more a matter of coincidence than anything else that they should have awaited simultaneously the "breaking of the bottle."

In the construction of a warship, much naturally depends upon the delivery of armour from private firms, and the testing of every plate, in the rapidity with which she is got out of hand, for we are not in the habit of swelling our Navy with anything but that which will withstand the shot and shell of an enemy and which can repay with interest all that she receives.

H.M.S. "KENT"

belongs to a new class of armoured cruiser, her consorts being the *Essex*, *Monmouth*, and *Bedford*. They are each of 9800 tons displacement, and will have engines of 22,000 horse-power, capable of giving a speed of 23 knots. The boilers will be of the Niclausse type, and the principal armament will consist of fourteen 6-inch quick-firing guns and twelve 12-pounders. A large number of smaller weapons will be carried. They will be protected by a four-inch armour-belt of Harveyised steel, and the casemates will also have a four-inch armour-protection. The dimensions of the *Kent* are: length, 440 feet; breadth, 66 feet; draught, 24½ feet.

Special interest attaches to

THE CRUISER "DRAKE,"

built at Pembroke Dockyard. She is the largest modern ironclad constructed at that Naval Dockyard, having a displacement of 14,100 tons. Her engines, of 30,000 indicated horse-power, are estimated to give a speed of 23 knots. She is named after that gallant Devonshire sea-captain, Sir Francis Drake, who showed his sterling worth at the time of the Spanish Armada. The *Drake* is one of a new class of four which the Admiralty is said to be keenly interested in, for they are termed

"MIGHTY CRUISERS,"

and are built for the express purpose of destroying an enemy's commerce.

In accordance with a time-honoured custom which confers upon the wife of a Naval Commander-in-Chief the privilege of naming the first warship launched at a port at which he is the senior officer, the *Montagu* was launched by

LADY CHARLES SCOTT,

wife of Admiral Lord Charles Scott, K.C.B.; whilst, at Chatham, the *Albemarle* was christened by Lady Kennedy, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, C.B. Both Admirals have assumed their command since the last warships were launched at those ports. Mrs. Barlow, wife of Captain-Superintendent C. Barlow, D.S.O., launched the *Drake*.—G. N.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Many Elections—The Murder Trials—Coppers on the Kerbstone—The Lighthouse and Ship—Letting Light upon the Strand.

I HOPE that I shall not have to record another vote for a good long time to come. I have been voting industriously at intervals for some months past, but I don't feel any the better for it, and I am perfectly sure that I shall get no good from the vote I recorded last Saturday afternoon. We used to think that voting was a wonderful institution, and that to be able to vote at all times and seasons would at once bring us the Millennium. It was interesting at first, and I used to feel a couple of inches taller when I first went to record my vote, but it is getting monotonous now. I have ceased to enter the dingy old municipal building with any enthusiasm to vote for men whom I have never seen, and never hear of except when they bombard me with papers at election-time, asking me to support them and be free and independent for ever afterwards. There is only one thing I want them to do, and that is to lower the rates and taxes; but they take precious good care never to do that.

But who cares for an election of any sort when a big murder-trial is going on? Not many people, if I may judge from general conversation and the look of the newspapers. The Yarmouth murder case took up much more room and was given a much better place in the papers than the L.C.C. It was all over the streets, and penetrated even into the voting-rooms. It completely swamped the Railway murder and the Hampstead tragedy, either of which would have afforded us plenty of subject for talk and speculation had they come singly. I quite agree with the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Marshall Hall about trial by newspaper. This sort of thing must influence the Jury, however much they may try to clear their minds of what they have read. By all means, let us have the facts, but guesses and inferences and a regular prejudging of the case are not facts, and, for my part, I thought they were not allowed.

He was an ingenious kerbstone merchant who hit upon the idea of selling sets of the copper coins of Queen Victoria dated 1901. The sellers made up sets of one penny, a halfpenny, and a farthing, and sold them for threepence and afterwards for fourpence a set. They got them from banks and public-houses, and must have made a good thing of it, for the coins sold like hot cakes. I don't know whether the supply is exhausted, but I have seen no one selling these coppers for some days past.

I see that the designers are hard at work making the drawings for the King's new coinage. I hope that, if they will take a hint from "The Man in the Street," they will be careful about two things—first, not to make such an inartistic head as they did for the Jubilee coinage of Queen Victoria in 1887, which was a disgrace not only to the man who modelled it, but also to the nation which had to use the coins it appeared on; and, secondly, to restore the old lighthouse and ship by the side of Britannia in the copper coinage. England is still Mistress of the Seas, and the lighthouse and ship were understood to symbolise the fact. It will be time enough to do away with them permanently when we are reduced to a second-class Naval Power. The copper looks very bald and empty without these figures, and I hope that they will be restored when the new coins come out.

Now that the houses on the North side of the Strand, from Catherine Street eastwards, have been pulled down, we get a curious glimpse of the old courts and buildings from the top of a bus. Some of the houses must be very old, and show how fond our ancestors were of crowding together. You could almost shake hands from the windows of opposite houses in that little court leading off the Strand eastwards of the Gaiety, and there could not have been much fresh air or anything else sanitary about them. It was high time they were pulled down, for they were neither useful nor ornamental. I hope that someone has photographed the Strand all along, for, with the alterations on both sides of the road between the two churches, the new front of the Hôtel Cecil, and the Catherine Street improvements, a man who had been out of London for a few years would not know where he was when he came back now. A good photographic record of the old houses will be most interesting and valuable in a few years' time.



LADY CHARLES SCOTT,
WHO ARRANGED TO LAUNCH H.M.S. "MONTAGU"
AT DEVONPORT YESTERDAY.

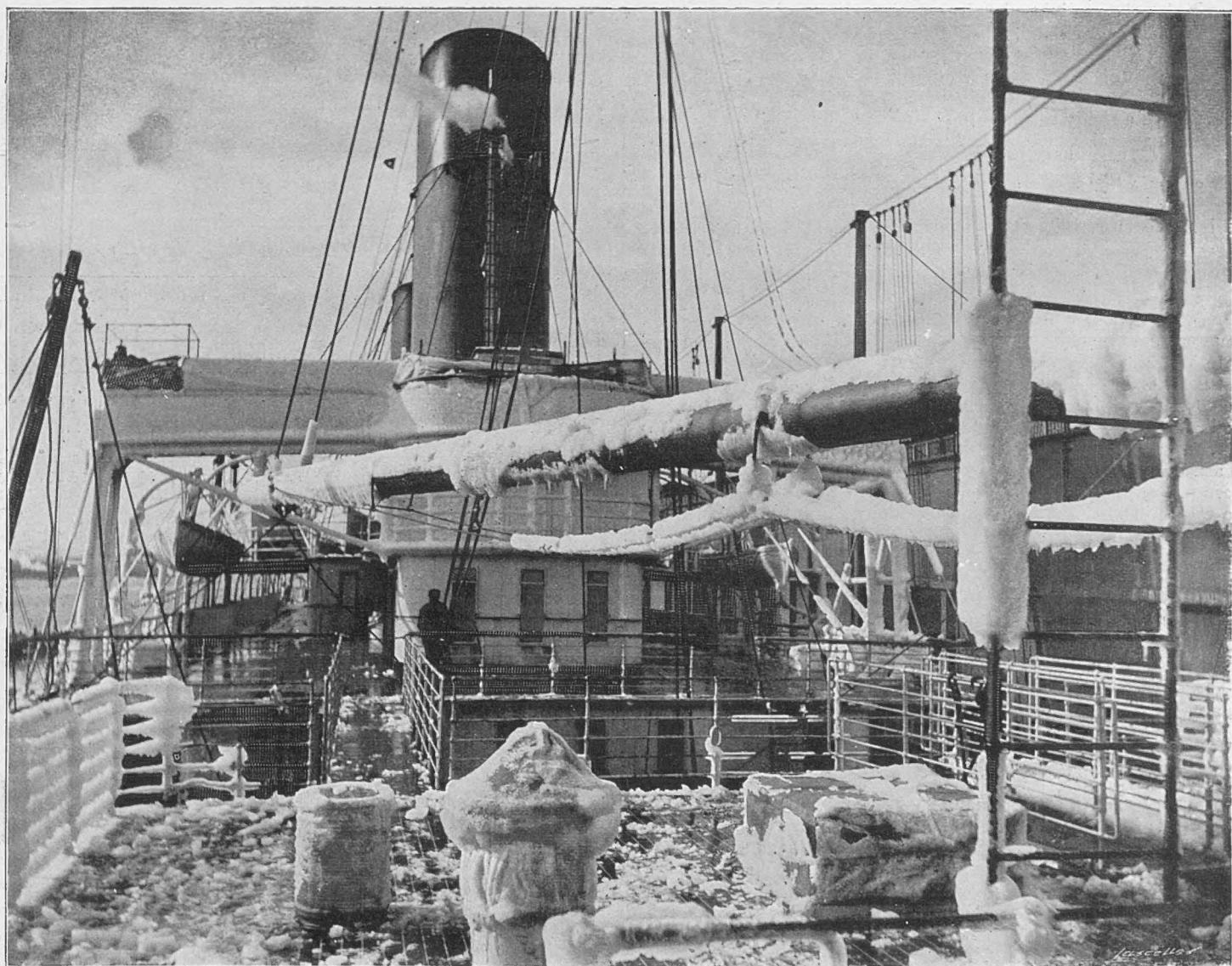
Photo by Heath, Plymouth.



LADY KENNEDY,
WHO CONSENTED TO LAUNCH H.M.S. "ALBEMARLE"
AT CHATHAM YESTERDAY.



GENUINE CAKE-WALKERS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDENS, NEW YORK.

A WINTRY TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE: ARRIVAL OF THE "MAJESTIC" IN NEW YORK HARBOUR ON FEB. 14.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, NEW YORK.

SPRING PICTURE SHOWS.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to the proprietors of the Goupil Gallery on the excellent collection of pictures that they have succeeded in bringing together for their Spring Exhibition. Not that all the seventy-five works are of an exceptional order of merit, for some are of that commendable yet commonplace type that always passes muster; but there are a score or so of pictures of such distinction and importance as to raise the average to an unusual height. It is always a delight to meet with a Corot, but here we are surprised by three, and all of them so fascinating that an attempt to choose between them leads to continual changes of opinion. First, one prefers "A Peep of the Village," with its shady country lane leading down to the old church that almost merges into the grey-blue mountainous distance. Then one is attracted by the poetical and tender colour of "The Lake—Evening," with its gleam of fading sunset just penetrating the twilight. But no one could resist the claims of the harmonious greys and greens, the old peasant, and the sympathetically treated trees that distinguish "The Valley." A landscape by Gainsborough, "Woodland," is another gem, with a ray of sunlight striking the trees from a rift in the passing clouds. A brilliant and breezy water-colour of "The Seashore" and other seascapes in oils, as well as a quick note in water-colour of a "Girl in Black," by Mr. Whistler, must necessarily command attention. Fritz Thaulow's "Moonlight Reflections" is one of the most captivating pictures in the Gallery, and exemplifies a powerful grasp of a most difficult subject, which is rendered with no less delicacy than vigour. A very strong work is Josef Israels' "A Ship in Danger," with a horseman in the foreground riding into the waves to signal the disabled vessel. Extreme brilliance of colour is displayed by Ziem in "A Sunny Day on the Grand Canal, Venice." Claude Monet's "The Cliff" derives all the quality of an opal from its bright illumination and shimmering sea, and here is to be observed an effect of luminosity obtained absolutely without the aid of heavy shadow-contrasts.

These examples are far from exhausting the list of what is exceptionally good in the Goupil Show, for there are also fine works by William and James Maris, Mauve, Dupré, Monticelli, Harpignies, and Troyon, whose large picture, "A Normandy Fair," will perhaps be deemed by some of more importance than anything else in the Gallery.

THE HOLLAND GALLERY.

The works by Dutch artists now exhibited at the Holland Fine Art Gallery are small in number, but of admirable quality. Chief among them is a fine canvas by William Maris, entitled "Cows." The animals themselves, with the sunlight glancing on their backs, the atmospheric landscape in which they stand, and the figure of the milkmaid, are all vigorously treated, and the picture altogether may be ranked among the best examples of this master's work that have been seen in London. There is a delicate and suggestive representation of "Dordrecht" by James Maris, and a richly coloured rendering of "Autumn" by de Boek also commands appreciation. Several works by G. Poggenbeek illustrate his versatility and individuality. His slightly tinted drawings are especially clever, while his paintings of cattle are full of vigour, as well as evidence of intimate knowledge and observation. The best of his pictures is "The Orchard," which is distinctly marked by a touch of Nature.

MR. MEDLYCOTT'S DRAWINGS.

A singularly brilliant array of water-colours by Mr. Hubert Medlycott appears on the walls of the Graves Galleries, Pall Mall. The pictures are numerous and the subjects are many, ranging from London and the Thames to Venice, Rouen, and Switzerland, and many other places that the artist has visited *en route*. The work is decidedly clever, being full of rich colour, dexterously handled detail, and delicately elaborated architecture; but it has its limitations, chiefly arising from a desire to depict too much, and a consequent absence of breadth and suggestiveness. Many will be attracted by the exhibition, with its representations of pretty, sunny scenes, quaint streets, and splendid Gothic churches. It is dazzling and, in a way, alluring work, but no one should take it as a model of what the water-colour art ought to be, for it is without the dignity that is only to be obtained by a larger treatment and a more flowing quality.

MR. MARSHALL HALL AND HIS DÉBUT.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., was last week one of the most prominent figures in the busy life of London. His spirited defence of Bennett for the Yarmouth Beach murder greatly impressed all those whose business it was to attend the sittings at the Old Bailey. Though the net of circumstantial evidence which enmeshed the young criminal, and led to his being convicted as the murderer of his wife, was too strong to be broken, it was generally admitted that Mr. Hall's dramatic pleading, and sensational production at the eleventh hour of the witness Douglas, who deposed that he had met Bennett during a walk at Eltham on the evening the murder was committed at Yarmouth, entitled the learned Counsel to the utmost credit. It was the same pluck and vigour which won the hearts of the electors of Southport when Mr. Marshall Hall wooed them at the General Election. He is ever the same. Years ago, when he was but "a baby at the Bar," a Newgate jailer relates that four men were accused of a foul crime. Neither of them was represented by counsel. One had fifteen shillings to his credit, and asked if Mr. Marshall Hall would defend him, and he would make up the balance to a guinea—the usual dock-brief fee—after the trial.

Mr. Marshall Hall complied. After an anxious hearing, the prisoner he represented was acquitted; the rest were convicted. The Common Serjeant, who was sitting, said it was due wholly to the point of view presented by Mr. Marshall Hall that he was able to direct the Jury favourably on behalf of the man acquitted. That was the beginning of Mr. Marshall Hall's career. At that time, too, he used to haunt the Divorce Court, and one of his contemporaries says it was a subject of infinite jest among the Junior Bar when Mr. Marshall Hall rose to open his case. He invariably began, "This is one of the most extraordinary cases, my Lord—." A flutter of excitement would run through the Court, and the Pressmen would begin taking notes vigorously. Then followed the usual sordid story unfolded daily before the President of the Divorce Division. The Pressmen would whisper, "Oh, there's nothing in it!" and once more the Court would resume its state of languorous attentiveness.

Whilst offering a due meed of praise to Bennett's able defender, it would be unfair not to commend as warmly the cogency of Mr. Gill's powerful argument for the prosecution, and the calm, judicial summing-up of the Lord Chief Justice.

The Irish railways, in view of the forthcoming season, are publishing, through Messrs. Walter Hill and Co., of London, an elegant illustrated guide, entitled "Through Erin's Isle," dealing with the whole of the tourist resorts of the country. The guide will be distributed gratis throughout the United Kingdom, America, and the Colonies, and may be obtained from the London Agent, 2, Charing Cross, and from all stations on the London and North-Western and Great Western Railways.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) 10 to 10.

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HEALTH and CONDITION in the ACTIVE and the SEDENTARY.

By NATHANIEL EDWARD YORKE-DAVIES, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, M.R.C.S., Author of "Foods for the Fat," "The Dietetics of Obesity," "Aids to Long Life," etc.

"Those who desire a long and healthy life will perhaps find their best means of attaining it in the study and observance of such rules as are laid down here. . . . The book is a rational and practical guide to 'Health and Condition.'—*MORNING POST*.

"An elaborate treatise. The book is the best that we have seen on the subject. In this age of life at high pressure no one should be without such a book. It is a source of light and a guide to all, particularly to the brain worker."—*MADRAS STANDARD* (India).

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, and CO., Fetter Lane, London, and all Booksellers.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King at Cronberg.

Empress Frederick found their way to the outside world. Her Imperial Majesty, who is still well enough to go out each day in a bath-chair,



THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

Photo by Reichard and Lindner, Berlin.

the patients was, curiously enough, an Englishman, and to his subject, seen under such unexpected circumstances, the Sovereign spoke many kindly and encouraging words. His Majesty is well known to take a special interest in the open-air consumption-cure. At the present moment there are thirty State open-air hospitals in Germany.

Ireland's Loyal Disappointment.

The news that King Edward and Queen Alexandra have had to postpone their Irish visit to next year has caused the deepest disappointment in the Emerald Isle. His Majesty first visited Ireland at the tender age of seven, and he has always been much beloved there, the fact that he arranged that both his sons should spend a portion of their youth in, or rather, near, Dublin being taken as a signal compliment.

King Edward and Homburg.

According to local Homburg gossip, William II. has formally invited his august uncle to consider as his own especial property one of the wings of Homburg Castle. The beautiful old Castle has many interesting associations for the British Royal Family. It was there that one of the most original and patriotic of British Princesses, the third daughter of George III., spent her happy and contented married life, and the rooms, which till quite lately contained all kinds of mementoes of this English Princess, including a number of touching and quaint views of the Windsor Castle of the eighteenth century, are those which have been put aside for the occupation of King Edward VII. His Majesty's affection for Homburg is well known, and His Imperial nephew could not pay him a more delicate and acceptable compliment than that of providing him with a Homburg residence, for it would enable the British Sovereign to perform his yearly "cure" under much more comfortable as well as more dignified auspices than if staying at a hotel.

A Notable Anniversary.

It is hard to believe that William II. and his Empress celebrated last week the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. In the days when Prince William of Prussia went courting the gentle Princess of Holstein, not the most pessimistic of German soothsayers could have foreseen that in a few years' time not only William I., but the then stalwart Crown Prince would have disappeared, giving way to the young bridegroom-elect, of whom the German people then knew so little. As for the future Empress, it at that time appeared as if she might spend by far the greater part of her life at best as Crown Princess; and it was whispered that, when Bismarck chose her out of a dozen or so eligible Protestant

Princesses, he observed, "As she cannot hope to be Empress for another fifty years, it is as well that Prince William's wife should be of a tractable and gentle disposition!"

A Happy Marriage.

Indeed, from the matrimonial point of view, they set an example to all their subjects, the Empress being the German ideal of what a wife should be, while the Emperor never loses an opportunity of showing with what tender affection he regards the mother of his seven fine children. It was not the Emperor's carriage but one of his Ministers' that narrowly escaped being damaged by a Berlin electric tram-car on Thursday.

The Ruler of Rulers.

It is whispered in Berlin that the ruler of the Imperial Family is the little Princess Victoria Louise. She is adored by her father, and keeps her brothers in strict subjection. Not long ago, a story was told of how the Emperor, when discussing his daughter with one of his sisters, observed, "When talking to me, she sometimes forgets that I am Emperor; but she never forgets that she is His Imperial Majesty's daughter!"

Her Imperial Highness is not exactly pretty, but she has a bright, expressive little face, and has inherited all the physical courage of the Hohenzollerns.

The Emperor's Children.

Her Majesty the German Empress (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent), having thought fit to return for a while to Berlin, it was immediately rumoured that the children were suffering from very bad coughs. I am in a position to state that this report was absolutely unfounded.

Princess Victoria Louise and her brothers Oscar and Joachim had, it is true, slight colds, as had most people during the changeable wintry weather; but they were, anyway, well enough on the day of King Edward's arrival in Germany to take a walk with their mother in the Berlin Tiergarten, where they inspected, to their great delight, the array of monuments erected in the Sieges Allee by the Kaiser. Princes August and Oscar will go shortly after Easter to Ploen, and take up their residence there in the Royal apartments. They will then, together with their brother Eitel Fritz, take part in the tuition for the cadets, and prepare for their "Abiturienten Examen," an examination which corresponds pretty nearly to the "Oxford and Cambridge Schools" examination.

The German Crown Prince.

The Crown Prince had intended to open the Exhibition of Carrier-Pigeons which was a recent attraction in Berlin. He was, however, prevented from doing so at the last moment, and instructed General von Gossler to take his place. The exhibition was very interesting. There are some eight hundred Carrier-Pigeon Societies



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Photo by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

in Germany, and nearly all had sent delegates to Berlin. Amongst others interested in this exhibition, besides the German Emperor, who would have been present had it been possible, was Count Bülow, the German Chancellor.

Empress Frederick continues to take the greatest interest in the Victoria House in Berlin, the splendid Nursing Institution and Nurses' Home built and inaugurated under her direction. I have the privilege of presenting views of Victoria House on another page. The "Victoriahaus," to



PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

Photo by Reichard and Lindner, Berlin.

give it the name by which it is known in Berlin, is perhaps the most perfect institution of the kind in the world, everything being done to make the inmates really happy and comfortable, the Empress even having directed that special attention should be paid to the becoming nature of their uniform, which is of pretty lavender-and-white material.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS—WHEN YOUNGER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Ladies Duff have inherited Queen Alexandra's love of fishing, and they cannot be given "a greater treat," to speak in nursery parlance, than that of accompanying their beautiful grandmother or the Duchess to the Pool of Quoich, a spot noted alike for its trout and for the beautiful scenery surrounding it. The Duke of Fife, as eldest son-in-law of the Sovereign, has anything but an easy position; that he fills it with invariable good taste, and ever acts to those about him with what our French neighbours style *politesse du cœur*, is only what might be expected from the descendant of so illustrious a line of forbears.

British Royalties and the Riviera. Although it is not likely that the King will be able to find time to carry out his projected visit to Cannes this spring, many British Royal personages are expected to make a long sojourn on the Riviera. Princess Henry of Battenberg, her daughter, and two younger sons, are even now the guests of the Empress Eugénie at the latter's lovely place, the Villa Cynros, on the Cap St. Martin, which is deservedly in high favour with English visitors. The Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has bought from her aunt-in-law, the Dowager-Duchess, the lovely Château de Fabron, near Nice, and the Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice already possess a charming house at Cannes—the villa, in fact, where the late Duke of Albany died, and which was afterwards given to his widow by its owner.

The Hope of Mentone.

strictest incognito. It is hoped at Mentone that Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark will repeat their pleasant experience of spending there a few weeks in the The King of the Belgians and Princess Clementina are at Cimiez, both, of course, in the very deepest family mourning for our late Sovereign. Should the Empress Frederick's general condition continue to improve, it is still quite likely that she will avail herself of the offer made to her by Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, whose beautiful French home is within a few minutes' walk of Monaco.

A Little Known Duke.

Some interest has been aroused by the fact that the King has been pleased to appoint as his Honorary Equerries General Viscount Bridport and General the Duke of Grafton. The latter is, perhaps, the least known of the wearers of the strawberry-leaves, and yet he is not only the head of the Fitz-Roys, and so a distant relation of the Royal Family, but he much distinguished himself in the Crimean War, being severely wounded at Inkerman. In those days, and, indeed, till twenty years ago, the Duke was known as Lord Augustus Fitz-Roy—for he was a younger son of the fifth Duke of Grafton, and succeeded his brother only in 1882—and both he and his wife, a Miss Balfour of Whittingehame, and an aunt of Mr. Arthur Balfour, were among the early friends of our late beloved Sovereign. The Duke was two years older than Queen Victoria. Of his three sons, the youngest, the Rev. Lord Charles Fitz-Roy, was one of Her late Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary; and one of his daughters, now sixteen years of age, was Queen Victoria's namesake and god-daughter. As Lord Euston has no children, the Duke of Grafton's ultimate heir will probably be the only son of Lord Alfred Fitz-Roy, a pleasant lad of seventeen, who will probably enter the profession adorned by his grandfather. The Duke has only one daughter, Lady Eleanor Harbord, one of Lord Suffield's daughters-in-law.

A nurse belonging to the Victoria House is greatly prized, and the demand is always in excess of the supply. The nurses attend both the poor and the rich, and are specially trained with a view to ambulance work.

The fact that the King has deputed his eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, to take his place at the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition will draw yet closer the existing links between Her Royal Highness and her husband's people. The Duke of Fife is a true Scot, and his two little daughters, Lady Alexandra and Lady Maud Duff, are never so well content as when living at Mar Lodge, their lovely Scottish home on Deeside. The

Princess Beatrice and the Empress Eugénie.

The visit of Princess Henry of Battenberg and her family to the Empress Eugénie at the Villa Cynros at Cap St. Martin was arranged long before the death of Her Royal Highness's beloved mother. Princess Beatrice has always been a great favourite with the widowed Empress, and one of her children, Princess Ena, has Eugénie for her second name, after the mother of the unfortunate Prince Imperial. But it is wrong, as most people do, to call the Empress the godmother of the little Princess, for, the former being a Catholic, such an event would be an impossibility. The Imperial villa commands lovely views of the Mediterranean, and, of course, is the personal property of the Empress, who was one of the first colonists of the Cape, which, not so many years ago, was looked upon as a desolate rabbit-warren by the denizens of Nice and Monte Carlo. It is no secret that Princess Henry of Battenberg will benefit by the will of the Empress, who looks upon her in the light of a daughter.

Mr. William Allan's "Elegy." The accomplishments of Mr. William Allan, the Member for Gateshead, as a verse-writer are well known in the halls of Westminster, though the vernacular the hon. member usually employs does not command, as a general rule, the efforts of his muse to the majority of his comrades in St. Stephen's. It is only natural, however, that Mr. Allan, whose leonine head and herculean figure attracted the late Queen's attention, it may be recalled, at a Garden-party not so long ago, should use his expressive native Doric in bemoaning the nation's recent loss. His elegy, "The Queen Will Come Nae Mair," a gem of poetic taste, is little known, but its merits, which should gain for it wider recognition, may be adjudged from the following stanzas—

Ye streams an' rills—oh, quat your glee!
Join in the dirge o' dool sae hic
That rises frae the silvery Dee—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye wins that roon' Balmoral sweep
Ower ilka turret, tower, an' keep,
Moan nicht an' day wi' sorrow deep—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Frae Aberdeen to Lochnagar,
Frae glens an' corries roon' Braemar,
This cry o' grief is heard afar—
"Oor Queen will come nae mair."

Royal Presents. An important matter which does not meet the public eye is the collection by Royal personages about to travel of a quantity of gifts suitable for distribution during their absence from home. Just now, large numbers of pins, rings, brooches, lockets, bracelets, and all manner of jewellery, together with cigar- and cigarette-eases, are being selected to be taken by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York with them on their forthcoming tour, and it may readily be imagined that their Royal Highnesses take personal care that the presents shall be worthy of distribution. The custody of the valuable articles, moreover, will be in the hands of a specially selected official. Of late years, Queen Victoria, by the establishment of the Royal Victorian Order, was enabled, during her visits to the Continent, to bestow badges which were more prized by the recipients than jewelled bangles or gemmed snuff-boxes, and it is most probable that the Heir-Apparent will be authorised by the King to distribute some highly coveted decorations.

Foreign potentates who have visited this country have, I am told on excellent authority, brought with them such valuable gifts that, in addition to the swarms of private detectives who invariably follow in the Monarch's train, additional assistance to guard the cases has had to be obtained from Scotland Yard. The grandfather and father of the present Czar brought jewellery with them valued on two different occasions at such enormous sums as £200,000 and £150,000. Of course, all the gewgaws were not left behind, but most of them did not go back to Russia. The fables about the Shah are exaggerated—the fair sex claimed most of his trinkets; but when Napoleon III. visited the Queen at Windsor "he rained bijouterie," as one of his followers observed, not only on the courtiers and officials, but also on many humbler friends who had been kind to him when in exile.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS IN MILITARY UNIFORM.

Photo by Ziesler, Berlin.

Masonic. There is no warmer-hearted Mason than Lord Halsbury, Lord Chancellor, and first W.M. of the Devonian Lodge in London. With his Lordship, I venture to think many questions that trouble public men would be amicably settled were the true spirit of Masonry more prevalent than it is. When the noble Earl cordially supports so estimable a Mason as Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall for the Grand Treasurership of the Freemasons' body, there is good reason why, irrespective of the merits of the other candidate, his nominee should be chosen. I feel sure that if Mr. Marshall were elected to the post he would fill it with the utmost satisfaction. Another Mason of deserved popularity is the genial Deputy Pro-Grand Master, the Earl of Warwick, who had some gratifying figures to communicate at the fifty-ninth festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution last Wednesday at the Freemasons' Tavern. For this charity, which provides for needy aged Freemasons and widows of Masons, no less than £25,311 was subscribed. W. Bro. Terry was duly congratulated. W. Bro. J. Morrison McLeod, P.G.S., Secretary of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, speaking with much earnestness the following night at the Guardians' Lodge Installation Banquet at the Ship and Turtle, estimated the total annual disbursements of Masons for charitable objects to amount to the extraordinary sum of £100,000. Among the other Grand Officers who rendered praiseworthy service was W. Bro. Thomas A. Bullock, P.G. Sword-Bearer, who performed the impressive initiation and installation ceremonies with remarkable aplomb. This gathering of the Guardians' Lodge was further notable for the admirable nature of the musical entertainment provided by Bro. George Fraenkel, Mr. Herbert Simmons, and Misses Maud Elliott, Carrie Tubb, and Ethel Hopkins, a singularly fine violinist. This vocal and instrumental excellence was not to be wondered at when it is added that the new Worshipful Master is Bro. Albert Edward Pridmore, a tactful speaker, and ex-Chairman of the Guildhall School of Music, which each accomplished artist did honour to at the feast in question.

Melton Prior. A veteran Special Artist, who has sketched I don't know how many campaigns for *The Illustrated London News*, and who never did better work than when he delineated Sir George White's gallant defence of Ladysmith for the distinguished pictorial parent of *The Sketch*, Mr. Melton Prior is a cheery man, whose genial company is welcome all the world over. Though the fevers this mercurial and merry War Special caught in Ashanti and in Ladysmith may occasionally still bowl him over for a day or two, Melton ever comes up smiling again, spick-and-span as though he had just emerged from a bandbox. As his vivid drawing of the King and Kaiser sledding (in last week's *Illustrated London News*) shows, Mr. Prior has, within the past few days, renewed his acquaintance with wintry snow. With good reason, then, may he have exclaimed, in regarding the accompanying tropical snapshot of himself, "Would I were in Madeira now!"

Dr. Charles Cooper, of the "Scotsman." I have much pleasure in recording, as supplementary to the note in last week's *Sketch* concerning Scottish University honours to distinguished members of the Press north of the Tweed, that the Senators of Edinburgh University have decided to bestow the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Charles A. Cooper, of the *Scotsman*. A Hull man, and trained in journalism on the same paper in that Yorkshire town as his friend and contemporary in years, Sir John Leng, of the *Dundee Advertiser*, Mr. Cooper has been connected with the *Scotsman* for thirty-three years, and has occupied the editorial chair for a quarter of a century. It is not too much to assert that Mr. Cooper's influence and experience as a Pressman are manifest in every department of the great journal he conducts.

The Light Blues. The Dark Blues having a whole page to themselves in another part of this Number, I may here devote a par. to the Light Blues. A little while since, it almost appeared as if the crew to man the Cambridge boat against Oxford had been practically decided upon. But appearances were deceptive. Mr. J. B. Close, who evidently believes in giving the Eight plenty of work, somewhat recently saw fit to make changes in the boat. It may be that the severity of the practice was adopted with a view to finding out weak spots, and that the

experiments were successful. There were some, however, who did not so regard them; but, then, when were there not differences of opinion concerning the constitution of the University Eight? The anxiety to plead the cause of a friend is sometimes calculated to create a little bias, and to lead to the finding of fault with the powers that be. At the close of last week there was a good deal of exercise in the gig-pairs, and the effect was apparently beneficial, for the Eight worked tolerably well together, and at times certainly got a good deal of pace on the boat. The crew as then composed averaged a few pounds over twelve stone, and their general appearance was particularly pleasing. As the race is to be rowed on March 30, it is not desirable to make any serious alteration from this time. There is the experience of some previous years to prove the truth of this. Cambridge did not visit Ely, as originally intended, and they are now at Cookham, the guests of Colonel Ricardo, having finished up their practice on the Cam on Tuesday, March 5.

Hockey. Hockey is not yet regarded as one of the more important of the series of inter-University contests, yet it is a most excellent game, in spite of the incongruous nature of one or more of the rules by which it is governed. It would be an incorrect idea to suppose that the soil and climate of Cambridge are conducive to superexcellence, for the meeting of Oxford and Cambridge is on neutral ground. Yet the Light Blues have won six years in succession. Hockey has not the attraction for the public that football has. Indeed, I know of no other game in the United Kingdom which will draw over forty thousand to a preliminary tie in a Cup competition in one place and some twenty-five thousand in another on the match having to be re-played. This was what happened in the match between Notts Forest and Aston Villa in the second round of the Association Cup. At Birmingham, though with one man disabled, Notts Forest were able to hold their own; at home they were beaten. At present Notts Forest are at the head of the League, where last season Aston Villa finished up. It would not be a surprise if Aston Villa found solatium for loss of such position by winning the Cup final. But this is looking a long way ahead, as it will not take place until April 20, and, moreover, Small Heath, who have the choice of ground, are not without hopes of beating Aston Villa in the third round. *Nous verrons.*

Sir George Faudel-Phillips and Ball's Park. The good people of Hertfordshire are much perturbed at

the idea that that greatly esteemed member of the community, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, may perhaps be leaving the county. Ball's Park, which Sir George has occupied for so many years, is not his property, but is rented by him on lease, and it is rumoured that, when the tenancy expires, the noble Lord to whom it belongs intends to sell the property. In this event, the Hertfordians cordially wish that Sir George may become the purchaser. Ball's Park is not a large estate, nor is the mansion distinguished by size or architectural beauty, but it is essentially a most comfortable country-house, and the hospitality of Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips has given it more social distinction than it ever had before. Hertfordshire would be dull indeed without the merry circle at Ball's Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are giving London playgoers a rare treat at the Kennington Theatre this week. For the first three nights of their brief engagement at Mr. Robert Arthur's well-managed theatre, they presented "The Likeness of the Night"; and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights they appear in that beautiful play by MM. Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood, "The Elder Miss Blossom," the name-part of which is infinitely touching in the hands of Mrs. Kendal, who makes Dorothy Blossom one of the most delightful and sympathetic of characters. The Kennington Theatre is bound to be crowded during this Kendal week.

An Interesting Engagement. A Lenten engagement is that of Lady Helen Craven, the clever literary sister of Lord Craven, to Mr. Ian Forbes, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders. Lady Helen has written several novels, of which perhaps the best-known is "The Outcast Emperor." She is also musical, the first book published by her having been entitled "Notes of a Music-Lover."



MR. MELTON PRIOR, THE FAMOUS SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Photo by Mr. E. E. Jones, Proprietor of the Hotel Bella Vista, Funchal, Madeira.

The New Irish. There is a nightly entertainment in the House of Commons when the Nationalists ask supplementary questions. It shows a poor spirit to accept the Minister's answer to the original inquiry on the printed list. So the ambitious Irishman fires off a "supplementary" which he has carefully prepared beforehand, although professedly it arises out of the previous answer. There is an amazing diversity of accent in the brogue of the men whom Mr. O'Brien has summoned to St. Stephen's. But, though they speak with divers tongues, all proclaim their nationality. Shyness is not among their weaknesses. Their duty is, as was that of General Kelly-Kenny with reference to Cronjé, to "attack and harass" the Government. This they do with right good will, and with an amusing display of rivalry.

"T. W."
Unmuzzled.

Mr. T. W. Russell is more at home in an independent corner below the Ministerial gangway than he was on the Treasury Bench reading out Mr. Chaplin's answers and making supplementary speeches on vaccination. As a subordinate member of the Government, he was comparatively obscure; now, his debating talents have full play. Although his oratorical style was formed on the platform—the Temperance platform—it is exceedingly effective even in the House of Commons when passion swells. There is a mixture of the Scotch and of the Irish in it, the love of detail being coloured by fervent rhetoric. Mr. Russell did splendid service to the Unionists in their warfare with Parnellism, and, now that he is playing his own game again, he has become once more a Party force. His speech demanding the compulsory sale of Irish land to the tenants on the credit of the taxpayer to the amount of 120 or 130 millions sterling was passionately applauded by his former foes, and his crusade adds greatly to the difficulties of the Government.

*Mr. Dillon's
Passion.*

The new Parliament heard a series of hot harangues during the first fortnight of the Session, but all paled before the speech in which Mr. Dillon for two hours and a-half extolled the Boers at the expense of the British Army. At the pitch of his shrill voice, with dark features aflame and with long arm swaying, he contended that our code of honour was barbarous compared with that of the Boers, and he called on the God of Vengeance to visit those who had brought about the War. Everything that could be said to exasperate Englishmen was said by Mr. Dillon, who seems to have charge of the Foreign department of the Nationalist campaign. Fortunately, the House listened with forbearance, and Mr. Brodrick, who is proving a most capable Minister, replied with dignity as well as with spirit.

Only One Healy. Mr. Tim Healy has described himself as a Party. Even although his Party consist of only one member, it is formidable. So far, no second Healy has been discovered among the new members from Ireland. Most of them have shown as little reticence as Mr. "Tim," who made himself conspicuous on the night that he took his seat, but their efforts are not so successful. They lack his humour, if not his vivacity. Noise rather than laughter is produced by their flashes and flights. Perhaps, as the Session advances new members may be discovered with as much passion as Mr. Dillon, with as much eloquence as Mr. Redmond, and with as much Parliamentary genius as Mr. Healy. Meantime, however, there is only one Healy.

In the case of some of the new Nationalists, "Dod" is very laconic in his Parliamentary Companion. All we learn about Mr. Joyce from Limerick City is that he is an Alderman, and by trade a pilot. No boast is made of ancestry. The record of Mr. William McKillop, one of the representatives of Sligo, is equally brief. "Dod," who usually tells all he knows, mentions merely that

Mr. McKillop is a refreshment contractor and restaurant proprietor, and has taken a prominent part in Irish political organisations. Then there is Mr. John O'Donnell, Mr. Dillon's colleague in the representation of Mayo. It is recorded of Mr. O'Donnell that he is "a young tenant farmer and a protégé of Mr. William O'Brien."

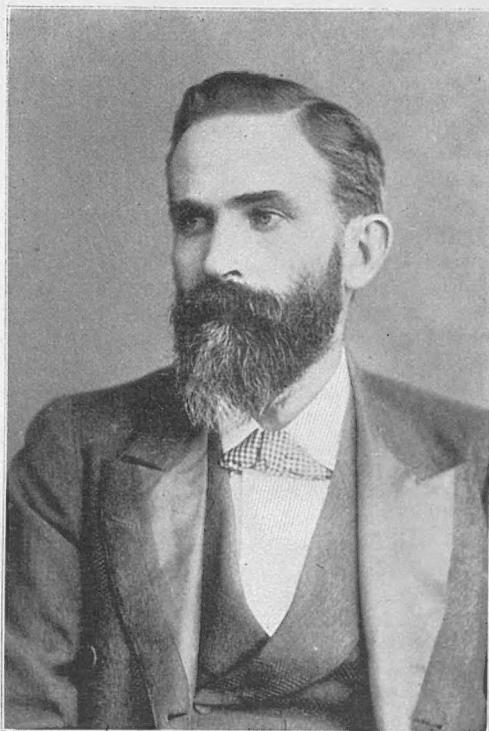
MR. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P., THE NEW IRISH LAND LEADER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS MARGARET FRASER, A PRETTY GAIETY FAVOURITE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



"The Jewish Encyclopædia." I have received from the *Jewish Chronicle* office an alluring description of the voluminous "Jewish Encyclopædia," which is being prepared by the leading Hebrew scholars, and promises to be a really grand and worthy monument of the great and clever race which, surviving hundreds of years of indefensible persecution and injustice in other countries, heartily appreciates, I am sure, the full measure of liberty and freedom granted to Jews in Great Britain and in our Empire generally. Mr. Israel Zangwill, the accomplished author of that powerful novel of London Jewish life, "Children of the Ghetto," writes of this forthcoming Encyclopædia: "Christianity will learn from it to understand Judaism and to respect Jews. Jews will learn from it to understand and respect themselves." I venture to add that the "Jewish Encyclopædia" (to be published on the popular instalment principle) will be also valued for its rich store of historical information.

Berlin's Shivering Poor. This has been an exceptionally hard winter for the poor of Berlin (writes my Correspondent in the Prussian Capital). Not only is trade looking very bad, owing to a sudden slump caused indirectly by the wars in Africa and China and by unwise speculation, but house-rent has risen by leaps and bounds. There are thousands of men in Berlin who would be only too glad to obtain work of any kind; did they only know it, they would find it in plenty had they not insisted in imagining that there is always employment in a large town. I am told that, not twenty miles away, out in the country, there is a great lack of labourers, all employés having been seized with a mania to go and seek their fortunes in the capital, which they fondly believed to be paved with gold.

Shelters for the Homeless Poor. The Berlin authorities, however, are doing their best to attend to the wants of this multitude of workless ones. Under the Metropolitan Railway in the north of Berlin, enormous halls built on to the arched subway are utilised for affording temporary refuge for the homeless. Here upwards of a thousand men—for only men are allowed there—are able to sit quietly in the warmth and rest their weary limbs after tramping up and down in search of work. It is a most pathetic sight (adds my Berlin Correspondent) to see these hundreds of men sitting, packed like herrings in a box, on long, plain benches, side by side and back to back, mute and miserable, but yet thankful for the warmth and shelter. At one end of the halls is a large kitchen, where excellent soup and bread and sandwiches can be bought for next to nothing. At another end there is a cobbler's shop, where four to six cobblers are kept at work without ceasing, mending gratuitously by rotation the boots and

shoes of the countless tramps; while in another section of the hall is a rough-and-ready tailor's shop, where old clothes are given away and the men's apparel mended free and gratis. A little further up the same street are similar halls, where official registers are kept of work offered and workmen desirous of obtaining employment. The applicant has to give full particulars of his past career, his age and birthplace, and kind of employment desired. He pays merely a nominal sum to have his name placed on the books, and is then entitled to come as often as he likes to seek for work. Both these institutions are kept up mainly by voluntary contributions, which are supplemented by the magistrate of Berlin. For men bearing a good character and in possession of an unsullied past, who are willing and able to work, the benefit of these institutions is untold. The German word for these public registry offices must needs be of great dimensions, like all German official nomenclature: it is "Arbeitsnachweisbureau."

Prince Radolin. The new German Ambassador to Paris, Prince Radolin, is one of the most cosmopolitan and one of the most romantic figures in Europe (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). He is a native of Great Poland, his ancestry dating from the Regent of Posen, Buguslav, in 1253, and the name of Radolin coming from a feminine ancestor, Dorothea Radolina. In 1845, his father was created a Prussian Count, with the title of Radolin Radolinski, and he himself was made Prince Radolin in 1888 by the Emperor Frederick. He is said to speak all the languages in Oriental Europe, in particular the Polish, which facility was useful to him at the Embassy of St. Petersburg, which he has just quitted for Paris. While studying as a boy at the University of Bonn, he met there a marvellously beautiful English girl, daughter of an Army officer, Lucy Wakefield, and fell desperately in love with her; and, in spite of the objections of his family to what they thought a *mésalliance*, he married her in London in 1863. She died in 1880, leaving two children, married into the Bavarian nobility. Nine years later he met the young girl who was to be his second wife. She was the daughter of a grandee of Breslau, and her mother was a Talleyrand. She is therefore partly French. Prince Radolin is now over sixty; his wife is thirty-seven; and they have a child, three years old, who was born in Russia.

A Favourite of "Fritz" and the Empress Frederick. Prince Radolin was a great favourite with both the Emperor and Empress Frederick. He was Grand Marshal of the Emperor Frederick's Household while that Monarch was still Crown Prince, and in this capacity he was the agent between the Emperor and Empress Frederick on the one side and Bismarck and the Empress Augusta on the other in the social modifications regarding the transference of power. It was in recognition of these services that the Emperor Frederick conferred upon the then Count Radolin the title of Prince.



MISS OLIVE BASHFORD,
WHO PLAYS STELLA IN "A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT," AT
THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

carried them out and whose name is engraved upon the monument as its sole author. M. Bartholdi claims no money; he simply wants the city to acknowledge his collaboration by inscribing his name beside that of the man who completed the work. This is all. And yet this process has enlisted all the artists of France on M. Bartholdi's side, and has stirred the great seaport city to its foundations. It is said that the people of Marseilles refuse because M. Bartholdi is of the North and

the other man was a native of the city. Local pride is very strong in France. This process has been going on for thirty-five years, and neither side will give in. The architect has died, and it is to-day his heirs who, in conjunction with the city, oppose M. Bartholdi, who is now seventy years old. But it is not for nothing that Bartholdi has spent his life in great enterprises, and, if this matter is decided against him, he will take it to the Higher Courts.

M. Menier. M. Menier, who owns the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whom Mr. Chamberlain has just proposed to Lord Minto to buy out, is the rich French chocolate-manufacturer. He is one of the few Frenchmen who have built up great commercial enterprises on the colossal scale familiar in England and the United States. His chocolate-groves are in San Salvador, worked by an army of natives; his factories are in France, and form not far from Paris a little labouring city which is a model of its kind. It is about ten years ago that he bought the island off Nova Scotia, into whose harbour only his own ships can enter, where he has transplanted colonists who are all in his service, where he could amuse himself with curious experiments in agriculture and in the domestication of exotic animals, and where he has ruled as a little King.

The Yankee and Rostand. Somewhat late in the day, it is announced that an American author intends to apply for an injunction to restrain Bernhardt and Coquelin from appearing in "Cyrano de Bergerac" or "L'Aiglon," as being palpable plagiarisms of works that he had copyrighted. How is it possible to accuse Rostand of plagiarism? The story of Cyrano is as old as the hills, and Rostand has played skittles with history in pretending that he was a Gascon. He was born in Paris, and his birth-certificate is still in existence. As to "L'Aiglon," his story is common property. I have reasons for believing, however, that there will be a storm between an English author and Rostand when "Le Théâtre" is produced by Sarah Bernhardt. Moore trouble!

Grandeur en Décadence. Those who visited the Exhibition will remember the Parisienne that surmounted the Porte Monumentale, the huge symbolical studies in the courtyard, and the marvellously gilded globes on the towers. The whole lot was sold to a Hungarian nobleman for thirty pounds, and he will instal them in his park. The beautiful Norwegian pine-built palace has been bought by an English nobleman, whose intention is said to be to reconstruct it as a shooting-box on his estate on the Eastern coast.

Criticism Up-to-Date. A lively Parisian contemporary, in speaking of a lion-taming exhibition, says that the principal lion so strongly resembled M. de Blowitz, of the *Times*, that one might have imagined him disguised. To compare the thunderer of "the Thunderer" to a lion is, after all, not uncomplimentary.

The Lady Barrister. Mdlle. Chauvin has proved beyond all shadow of a doubt that, if you want a barrister who conscientiously studies every brief, then—*cherchez la femme*. In a perfectly friendly spirit—for she is much respected by the male silk and gown—the knottiest points have been submitted to her, but the men have had to admit that she knows the Code off by heart. The younger and unbriefed barristers crowd the Court where she is pleading. There is nothing of the blue-stocking about her, and she can hold her own against the wittiest.

Speed Run Wild. The terrible record of seventy-four kilomètres with which Maurice Farman won the principal automobile prize at Pau suggests the capacity of a man to fill many vocations and stand varying emotions. Mr. Farman is the son of the esteemed Paris Correspondent of the London *Standard*, and, among other things, is an astronomer, a philosopher, a cyclist, a journalist, an automobilist, and an aéronaut. He has been thrown from his machine, been fired at by gamekeepers when in his balloon, and yet his nerve is unshaken.

Miss Olive Bashford. Miss Olivé Bashford, the bright young actress now playing Stella in the curtain-raiser entitled "A Previous Engagement," at the Avenue, is the daughter of Mr. G. F. Bashford, late Acting-Manager of the Haymarket. She is fortunate to have made her début under such a clever actor-manager as Mr. Charles Hawtrey. *The Sketch* is pleased to note that she has already justified her selection for the part.



MISS ELAINE RAVENSBERG,
"PRINCIPAL BOY" IN THE DRURY LANE
PANTOMIME.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane.

After sixty years of service to the country in various departments, the Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane may fairly claim the right to retirement and to spend the remainder of his days in that privacy which those who have been brought into official relations with him, could their wishes be consulted, would deny him—surely the greatest compliment that any public man could receive. The reason for this is not far to seek, for Sir Spencer, who belongs to the old régime, is courtesy personified, and thought of his own convenience as little as possible when those who had to seek the Lord Chamberlain's Office on business bent were concerned. Sir Spencer will be seventy-seven on March 14, and it was as long ago as 1840 that he was appointed to the Foreign Office. When he was twenty-two, he was sent as Attaché to Washington, and his first voyage across the Atlantic must be in singular contrast with what it would be now could circumstances induce him to go to the "other side." Then, it was a voyage to be seriously considered; now, it is a pleasure-trip to be undertaken with no consideration at all. In succession, Sir Spencer was



SIR SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE, G.C.B.,
RETIRING COMPTROLLER OF THE LORD
CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Private Secretary to Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Granville, so that he has been linked with three of the greatest Foreign Secretaries of the last century, and it is interesting to recall that Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon each occupied the post four times, and Lord Granville thrice, their tenure of office stretching from 1830 until 1885, except, of course, for the periods when their Party was out of office.

A quarter of a century ago, Sir Spencer assumed the name of Fane, the surname of his mother, who was a daughter of the tenth Earl of Westmorland, K.G. In the Jubilee Year he was given his "G.C.B.," a distinction he had well earned by his devoted services to the Court, in which he that year completed his forty years of service, having been appointed Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's department in 1857. Only Lord Bridport, who in the Peerage of Italy holds the title of Duke of Bronté, is senior to Sir Spencer, for he was appointed Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen sixty years ago, and was made Equerry in the same year that Sir Spencer went to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, while he was also Clerk-Marshal to the Prince Consort, whom Sir Spencer served as well. Certainly, Sir Spencer does not look anything like his age, and he thinks nothing of going from his own rooms in St. James's Palace across the courtyard without taking the trouble or precaution of putting on an overcoat even in severe weather. Dangerous, though!

The Lords' Serjeant-at-Arms.

Something approaching a sinecure—and a pleasant sinecure at that, seeing that it carries a salary of a thousand pounds a-year—is the office of Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Lords, which is now seeing a change after an interval of about three years. It was in 1898 that Major-General Sir Arthur E. A. Ellis, K.C.V.O., C.S.I., was appointed to this office, on the death of Sir Chetwynd Talbot, and, in order to fill the responsible position of Acting Lord Chamberlain, honourably held by Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, he has now retired to make way for Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Fleetwood Isham Edwards, K.C.B.

The post of Serjeant-at-Arms—its full title will now be King's Serjeant-at-Arms, as in the last reign it was Queen's Serjeant-at-Arms—is invariably held by someone who has been closely associated with the person of the Sovereign, and Sir Fleetwood was for twelve years an Extra Equerry to the Queen, and for five years Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse. Born in the spring of 1842, Sir Fleetwood Edwards is within a few weeks

of completing his fifty-ninth year, and during that time he has seen something of the world and basked not a little in the sunshine of the smile of Royalty. It almost goes without the saying that he was in the Army, and he belonged to that branch of the Service of which Lord Kitchener is perhaps the most conspicuous man whose name is

before the public, the Royal Engineers. After leaving Harrow and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, Sir Fleetwood entered the Engineers in 1863, so he is eight years senior to the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. After fourteen years' service he gained his Captaincy, and in exactly twenty years he became Major, while after an interval of seven years more he was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel, and he finally retired in 1895. In the early days of his soldiering, he went out to Bermuda as Aide-de-Camp and Private Secretary to the Governor, while on his return home he was made Assistant Inspector of Works at the Royal Arsenal, and as soon as he had served five years there he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Inspector-General of Fortifications. When Lord Beaconsfield went to the Congress at Berlin, to return with "Peace with Honour" and with a Garter in his pocket for Lord Salisbury, Sir Fleetwood accompanied Sir Linton Simmons, who was attached to the special mission of the two great Leaders of the Conservative Party, and then he became Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen. These offices he held for seventeen years, and for all of them but two he was, in addition, Groom-in-Waiting, while to the Duchy of Lancaster, the Chancellorship of which has so often carried with it a seat in the Cabinet, Sir Fleetwood is Receiver-General. He has, in addition, filled the office of Secretary to the Royal Victorian Order. He has been twice married, the present Lady Edwards being a daughter of the late Major John Routledge Majendie, of the 92nd Highlanders.

General Sir Arthur Ellis. Sir Arthur Ellis, the very man to discharge with exemplary courtesy the duties of the office he has undertaken in the Lord Chamberlain's department, is one of the veterans of the Crimea. He was in the early days of his manhood closely connected with the first Great Exhibition, of which the Crystal Palace is the enduring memorial, for he was Secretary to the Commissioners in 1851. Sir Arthur received his "C.S.I." in 1876, but he had to wait a full one-and-twenty years—until the Diamond Jubilee—to get his "K.C.V.O." Lady Ellis was the Hon. Mina Frances, a daughter of Lord Taunton, and was married to Sir Arthur in 1864.

Lord Suffield, Lord-in-Waiting to the King. It may be permissible to note that the members of the King's Household are remarkable for manly force of character as well as for unfailing serenity and urbanity. Possession of these characteristics qualifies the Right Hon. Baron Suffield, P.C., K.C.B., to fill to perfection the post of Lord-in-Waiting to Edward VII., whom he has served so long and faithfully, having been the Prince of Wales's Lord of the Bedchamber since 1872. Lord Suffield was also Lord-in-Waiting to Her late Majesty from 1868 to 1872, and was Master of the Royal Buckhounds in 1886. Chief of His Majesty's Staff when he visited India in 1875, Lord Suffield has thoroughly proved himself worthy the King's confidence. Born on Jan. 2, 1830, and formerly Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars and Colonel of the Norfolk Artillery, his Lordship married, in 1854, a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Baring, and has a goodly family.

When Sir Ralph Knox, K.C.B., retires in April next from the Permanent Under-Secretaryship of the War Office, Mr. Brodrick is to appoint Colonel E. W. D. Ward, C.B., to the vacancy thus created. This officer has had a most distinguished record in the Army Service Corps, and has taken part in the Soudan, Ashanti, and South African Campaigns. His work in this last—especially in connection with the siege of Ladysmith—won him high praise from Earl Roberts, who expressed himself as being "unable to speak too highly of him." Sir George White, too, drew particular attention to his forethought in collecting stores and rations at Ladysmith prior to the outbreak of the town's long siege.



LORD SUFFIELD, A.D.C.,
NEW LORD-IN-WAITING TO HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



SIR FLEETWOOD EDWARDS,
NEW SERJEANT-AT-ARMS IN THE HOUSE OF
LORDS.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



COLONEL E. W. D. WARD,
TO BE THE NEW PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY
OF STATE FOR WAR.
Photo by Dickinson.

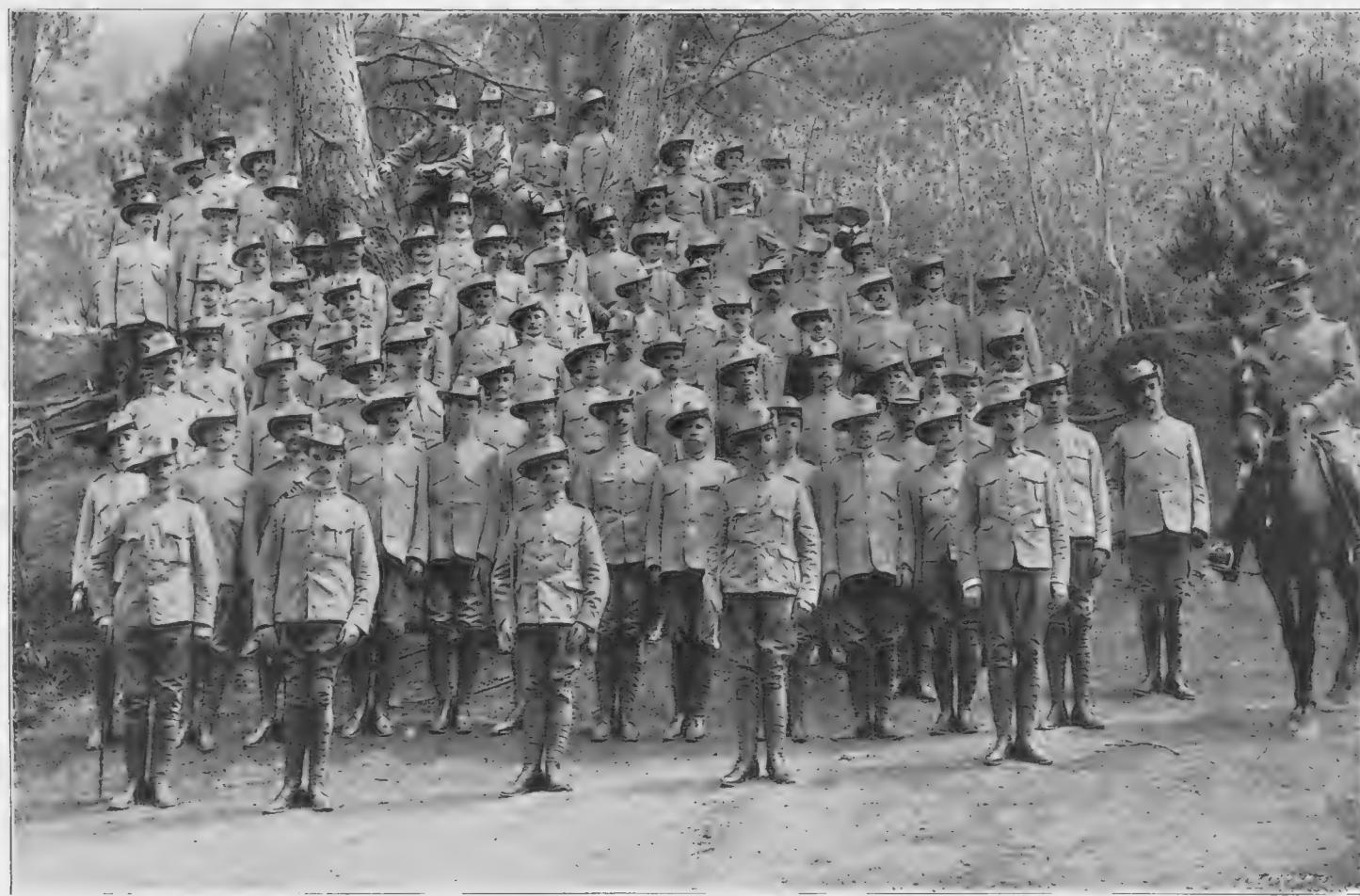
A Soldier Prince. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught is about to be gazetted to the 7th Hussars. He is thus following in the footsteps of his distinguished father, for the Duke of Connaught was appointed to this regiment in 1874. The 7th Hussars have a splendid record, and among their "battle honours" are those of "Dettingen," "Waterloo," and "Lucknow." At the first-named action, the corps had the honour of fighting under King George II., on which occasion His Majesty's charger nearly succeeded in running away with him into the enemy's lines. At the present moment the regiment is quartered at Aldershot. Its Commanding Officer is the Hon. Richard Thompson Lawley, and among Prince Arthur's brother officers is his kinsman, H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck. One of the senior Captains of the corps, the Hon. John Beresford, is Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught.

The Cape Town Guard. *The Sketch* has special pleasure in giving a photograph of the patriotic Town Guard at the Cape, formed in response to a call to duty through His Majesty's representative, Sir Alfred Milner. The Company in question is one of many loyal troops. The total strength of the Town Guard attained to nine thousand men in a few days, and to-day, including the suburbs of Cape Town, represents, all told, about twenty thousand civilians and Volunteers. It may be noted there are

present, and this even now is rather a sore point with the writer. A Naval correspondent points out that, though the Naval Staff at Whitehall do not wear uniform, officers when associated with ships or bluejackets must always appear so clad. He quotes an amusing story, in this connection, of a young Lieutenant attached to a guardship who asked for leave to go ashore, and was refused by his Captain, no reason being given. "If I get no reason," protested the aggrieved one, "I shall walk about the quarter-deck with a stigma on my back." "If I catch you on the quarter-deck with anything but Her Majesty's uniform on your back," bellowed the irate commander, "I'll try you by Court-Martial!"

A New Royal Lieutenant. It is only comparatively recently that Continental Sovereigns and Princes have been appointed to Honorary commands in the British Army and

Navy, though for very many years members of our own Royal Family have been *à la suite* of German and Russian regiments. Even now, though the Kaiser is not only Colonel of a British regiment, but a Field-Marshal to boot, and the Czar, the Austrian Emperor, and the King of Portugal are also British Colonels, there are only two members of European Royal Families other than our own holding high appointments in the British Navy. These are, of course, Admiral-of-the-Fleet the German Emperor and Vice-Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia. But



A COMPANY OF THE CAPE TOWN GUARD (CIVILIANS), COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN STUTTAFORD.

plenty of loyal and devoted subjects left to more than double the number should it be found necessary (as is now most unlikely) to take warlike action in defending Cape Town and Peninsula.

The men represented in the photograph are all employés of one house (Messrs. Stuttaford and Co., Limited), one of the largest dry-goods' firms in South Africa. They are commanded by Captain R. Stuttaford, one of the Managing Directors, and spend their leisure time in drilling and target practice and making themselves effective for any possible active service in the field. During the usual hours of mercantile business they resume their ordinary occupations, and it is perhaps needless to add, in like manner with similar firms who have contributed whole or part companies to the Town Guard, they receive every encouragement from the principals of the house. Several of the men in the photograph were on active service from the start of the War until Lord Roberts and the British forces occupied Pretoria, when they were allowed to return to their situations in the firm, which in the meantime had been kept open for them.

Uniform v. Mufti. The proposed order that all Staff Officers at Headquarters and all officers calling there should appear in uniform is arousing a good deal of feeling, and, on the whole, the idea is not very favourably received. While one correspondent to a Service journal thinks it would curtail the number of bores loafing about the War Office, another fears that it would lead his military colleagues in that Department "to get on the high horse" more than they are given to at

another officer of humbler rank has been appointed by His Majesty, namely, His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, who, being only a Lieutenant in the Danish Royal Navy, has just been gazetted to the same rank in the British Fleet.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen as a "Special." Mr. Frank T. Bullen will soon be universally recognised as one of our best-known men of letters. The quondam first-mate, who is now one

of the finest interpreters of the mysteries that encompass the life of the seaman, has been doing much work of late as a "Special"—his fine description of the passage of the dead Queen through the Solent that appeared in the *Daily Mail* will be fresh in the memory of all who read it—and attracted no little interest at the launch of His Majesty's Battleship, the *Russell*, in Jarrow the other day.

When Mr. Bullen reached the platform at the water-side, there was a crowd that hindered a proper view of the vessel and the ceremony. His nautical eye, however, speedily caught sight of a grand view-point—a rivetter's plank high up on a half-built vessel alongside the *Russell*. Mr. Bullen lost no time in securing permission to utilise this coign of vantage, and the gathering was greatly surprised to see the business-like manner in which the unassuming little fur-coated gentleman negotiated a grimy shipyard-ladder, and, on reaching his giddy eminence, composedly lit a cigarette and, with a few rivet-boys, enjoyed the sight and his surroundings to the utmost.



I GOLF—ONCE.

WHENEVER I feel inclined to grumble at the Fate which compels me to live in London all the year round, I console myself with the thought that there is, at any rate, no cricket-pitch in Piccadilly, or football-ground in the Strand, whilst Fleet Street has not, as yet, been sufficiently widened to allow of golf-links being laid out there. But, if I penetrate to the undulating meadow-lands of Warwickshire, I am immediately pounced down upon by some local athlete whose muscles are in inverse ratio to his sympathies, and forced, much against my will and at the very last moment, into the eleventh place in his wretched team. In the summer, this always means that I am put in to bat last, with the result that I have the privilege of running a bye and then seeing the other person bowled out. For the remainder of the day the felicity is mine of fielding "long leg"—partly, I presume, because village bowlers invariably bowl to leg, or, if they don't, the batsman pulls the ball round; and partly that I may be, alternately, as far as possible from and aggravatingly near to the tinkle of the tea-cups in the ladies' tent.

In the winter, it always means that I stand in goal, heavily scarfed and sweatered, and hear the shape of my legs crudely criticised by a collection of idle little boys who would, it seems to me, be far better employed selling evening papers and putting sixpences on racehorses. If my team is, by some extraordinary chance, stronger than the opposing team, I am—always excepting the remarks of the small boys—allowed to catch cold in peace. When, on the other hand, we are "pressed throughout," it takes me all my time to keep my toes from under the barred heels of the backs and half-backs on my own side. Sometimes, in a spare moment, I strike out vigorously with my closed fist, and I must admit that I generally manage to hit something or other. If it is not the ball, it is a player, and, anyhow, it creates a diversion. On one occasion, I remember, the captain of my side—the man who had insisted on my making an eleventh—was playing back. It so happened that we had four corner-kicks in succession, and each time I managed to hit some part of his face instead of the ball. Of course, these footballers are very hardy men, but for the remainder of my visit he allowed me to enjoy myself in my own way. As I pointed out to him, the game is all very well for restless little boys, but grown

men ought to know better than to rush about, get hot, and lose their tempers for the sake of a mere threepenny gate. He advised me, in reply, to get a crooked stick, go for a walk, and pick blackberries, to which I retorted, in my turn, that I would much rather pay threepence, smoke a pipe, and see him knocked over by the grocer's boy from the next village. Which I did.

And so I come, by easy stages, to speak of my experience in the game of golf. I was staying with my friend



MY LITTLE GUTTA-PERCHA MESSENGER MADE ITS ABRUPT APPEARANCE

Teethings at the time. Teethings, being of a sportive disposition, has a certain amount of grass-land round his house. The part of it that is mown and rolled he calls the lawn, and the part of it that runs wild he calls the paddock. The paddock is divided from the lawn by a fence, and the lawn gives on to the drawing-room windows.

After breakfast one morning, my host said he had a business call to make in the neighbourhood, and would I amuse myself until his return? I said, "What should I do?"

He said, "Practise a little putting on the lawn."

I said, "What's putting?"

"Oh, golf, you know," was the easy answer.

"On the lawn?" said I. "I thought you played it on commons and places."

"Ah, yes! but this is just putting, you know. However, you can have a smack with the driver in the paddock, if you like."

I made some little joke about, "Who would smack me?" and then went off to the paddock with the clubs and half-a-dozen balls. Teethings sent the boy with me to caddie.

Now, it is a well-known fact that, no matter what the affair in hand

may be, beginners always do remarkably well. That is why I like being taught new games. Take poker, for instance. The first time I played poker it was with three gentlemen in a railway-carriage. They were perfect strangers to me, but it was touching to observe how really anxious they were that I should enjoy the game. They seemed to put aside entirely any selfish thoughts or personal motives. When I won, they smiled, and asked me whether I did not agree with them that poker was splendid sport. I said I did. And so I did—as they played it. It was, of course, a shock to them to find that I had changed my mind about travelling to Edinburgh, and so sad did they become that I scarcely had the heart to leave the train at York. But, as I pointed out to them, five pounds odd was five pounds odd, and, if I had continued playing, I might have lost that amount and some more besides. As it was, I had done remarkably well—as a beginner.

So it was with my golf. I was irresistible. I started off, I admit, in a somewhat niggling manner, but the only half-concealed grins of my caddie spurred me on to do mighty deeds. I

swung my driver—or rather, Teethings' driver—valiantly. The fascination of the game caught hold of me. Ball after ball I smote away, and it was only when the last one had disappeared in the direction of the church-tower and the last driver had left its head in a neighbouring hedge that I put on my coat and, with the swaggering stride of a giant returning from a field of battle, strode into the house.

With regard to the overmantel in the drawing-room, I insisted, of course, on getting a new mirror put in at my own expense. The clock—a presentation one—was not entirely smashed, the glass shade having taken off the first force of the shock. It was very unlucky that the parlour-maid should have been dusting the ornaments on the mantelpiece just at the time when my little gutta-percha messenger made its abrupt appearance. However, half-a-sovereign and some sticking-plaster alleviated the more distressing symptoms of offended dignity. I did not think it necessary to tell her that, in the surgeon's opinion, her nose would never assume the same impudent tilt as theretofore.

On consulting the Stores' List, I find that one can get new heads fitted to drivers at about half-a-crown a time, and new shafts, including fixing to head, at one-and-elevenpence a time, so that a sovereign ought to see me through that part of the business. Teethings seems to have forgotten about the lost balls, or perhaps he hopes that the neighbours will find them about harvest-time and will bring them back. Anyhow, he suggested the game, so I shan't worry about the balls.

I am glad to hear that the boy is recovering and expects to be out of the hospital in about a fortnight. I have not quite decided whether I shall let his old mother sue me for damages or pension her off. Perhaps the latter will be the less expensive course.



Chicot

"NEDS" AND HIS FRIENDS.*

BY EDWARD VIZETELLY.

HENRY SUTHERLAND EDWARDS gives us a delightful volume of recollections. If he tells us little about himself, he has a good deal to say about others. As Special Correspondent and musical critic, he has mixed with a multitude of prominent men and women of the last half-century, and has quite a fund of new and entertaining anecdotes, which he has strewn with a liberal hand over his lively pages. With the advantage of having been an eye-witness of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* and of a Polish insurrection, he is able to speak with as much authority of Revolutionists and Rebels as of less restless mortals.

The mildest Rebel he ever knew was an Irish gentleman named Macdermott. He had been out in the "Cabbage Garden" insurrection of '48, and after its collapse concealed himself in London, at the houses of various hospitable friends in the daytime, and in the evening at Vauxhall Gardens and Cremorne. The most determined Revolutionist was Bakunin, the Russian. After being sentenced to death, imprisoned for three years at Olmütz, for six years in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Petersburg, and after passing six years in Eastern Siberia, whence he escaped, he turned up, cheerful, in London, ready for more of the dangerous work whereof he never tired.

One Revolutionist Colonel whom Sutherland Edwards came across caused much pain to his kind-hearted hostess by constantly wearing the same red shirt. She resolved to get possession of it while the hero slept, and then wash it, iron it, and replace it among the rest of his clothes discarded for the night. The boiler was heated, so was an iron; and in the small hours a faithful handmaiden went on tip-toe into the patriot's room to seize his shirt of stained and dingy scarlet, but only to return, with a look of dismay, and whisper to her anxiously expectant mistress, "Lor. Mum, he's a-sleepin' in it!"

The chapters on the Mayhews and the Salas are intensely amusing. There were seven Mayhews. They were the sons of a solicitor, and all were trained to the law. But all threw it up except Alfred, and he had a taste of the Army before settling down to the more pugnacious profession, as

Sutherland Edwards terms it. Henry had the most brains. He quitted the paternal mansion through failing to file some legal documents, and getting his father committed for Contempt of Court in consequence.

Instead of showing contrition, the starter of *Punch* satirised "the Governor" in "Cruikshank's Comic Almanac"—

He makes a fresh will every quarter,
Or whene'er he's a fit of the blues;
His wife has done something to vex him,
His sons will not meet all his views.
No, they will have none of his riches
When he's once put them under his ban:
He will leave all his wealth to asylums,
Like a highly respectable man!

Nevertheless, the old man left all his sons good incomes, but took the wise precaution to tie up the capital for the benefit of their offspring.

There were three Salas: the famous George Augustus, of whom we already know so much; Albert, an officer in the Indian Navy; and Charles Kerrison, a vocalist and actor. They once had the good luck to inherit £1500, which they shared in equal parts. "G. A. S." with his money, took chambers in Regent Street, and brought out the first and only number of the *Conservative Review*. When Alfred was asked what he had done with his cash, he answered, "Brandy pawnee!" Charles Kerrison, who went by the surname of Wain, spent his £500 on fishing—that is to say, on rods, tackle, punts, and the maintenance of a house at Weybridge, and never regretted it.

He wrote a cantata called "The Fish." The opening chorus ran—

Merrily roll,
Like a fried sole,
In the egg and the bread-crumbs light!
Merrily roll,
Like a fried sole,
For the fish must be fried to-night, to-night!
The fish must be fried to-night!

Then the fish came in on horseback, and a scene of the wildest revelry ensued.

The Sutherland-Edwards volume is full of raey reading from first to last, and I leave it with regret.

A ROYAL ROUTE.

AMONG the many routes which connect England and the Continent, the Flushing route has been very popular with the Royal personages who recently journeyed to England to attend the obsequies of the late Queen Victoria. The German Emperor, the first to arrive, chose this route. His Majesty crossed from Flushing to Port



TO THE CONTINENT VIA FLUSHING: THE "ENGELAND" LEAVING FLUSHING.

Photo by A. van de Grient, The Hague.

Victoria in the mail-steamer *Engeland*—one of the regular steamers crossing in the day service. A reproduction of a photo of this vessel leaving the harbour at Flushing is given. For the convenience of the day service, these vessels are provided with large promenade-decks and a large dining-saloon. The run from Port Victoria to Charing Cross occupies about an hour over the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. One of the chief advantages of the Flushing route lies in the fact that on both sides there is a considerable stretch of shelter afforded by the coast, and the actual open sea-passage is only three hours. King Edward crossed to Flushing by the same route.

Of other Royalties who crossed by the Flushing route may be mentioned the Cesarewitch. Travelling by the ordinary express-train, he reached Flushing at night, and consequently a different class of steamer was necessary for the night passage. One of the night boats, the *Koningin Regentes*, was specially chartered for this purpose, and crossed from Flushing to Port Victoria, closely following the night mail-steamer. The boats employed in the night service are some of the largest paddle-vessels running in the Channel services, being three hundred and twenty feet long and of eight thousand horse-power. They have a large number of cabins suitably fitted up for the night passage.

The Crown Prince of Germany and several other Royal personages crossed by the ordinary night service from Flushing, and were conveyed by special train from Port Victoria to Charing Cross. An amusing incident occurred in the special train. It was a very cold morning, and one of the servants in the Royal party, evidently mistaking the electric communication for a means of warming the compartment, pulled the handle, and the train was accordingly stopped at Dartford. When the mistake had been discovered, after a minute's delay, the train proceeded on its journey. They are not used to foot-warmers in Germany!

The regular mail services between England and Flushing are worked from Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, and St. Paul's to Queenborough Pier. Owing, however, to a portion of the pier at Queenborough having been destroyed by fire, the night service, leaving Victoria at 8.25 and Holborn Viaduct at 8.45 p.m., is being temporarily carried out via Port Victoria, until the pier is rebuilt. Under ordinary circumstances, the sea-passage, by the Zeeland Steamship Company's vessels, is performed in about six hours. From Flushing, well-appointed corridor-trains, with restaurant-cars, run to Berlin, Cologne, with connections with the most important points in North-East Europe, and also to South Germany and Switzerland.



TO THE CONTINENT VIA FLUSHING: FLUSHING STATION.

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK
AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.

ALTHOUGH it is sad that King Edward the Seventh's first Continental visit since his Accession should have taken place under such melancholy circumstances, the fact that His Majesty found his beloved elder sister in somewhat better health than was apparently expected must have amply recompensed him for the long and tedious journey.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SUITE.

King Edward was accompanied by a comparatively small suite, which, however, included Sir Francis Laking, in whom the British Royal Family have the greatest trust, and who would, it was hoped, be able to suggest certain alleviations in the pain suffered by the Imperial patient, the more so that the Empress Frederick has always shown a partiality for British physicians and doctors.

THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT CRONBERG.

A distinguished party filled the station at Cronberg on Feb. 25 when the Kaiser's train steamed in. The Empress Frederick was

known to be suffering from what it is feared must prove an incurable disease, while they have both lost an august parent whose relation to them both was so peculiarly close and tender.

A SILENT TOAST.

In Germany the excellent old custom of clinking glasses together remains in full force, and rarely does any kind of convivial meeting take place without one or more pledging absent friends. Accordingly, there was something significant in the fact that at the first luncheon which took place at Friedrichshof after King Edward's arrival he and his Imperial nephew should have raised their glasses in silence and drunk wine together.

HIS MAJESTY AS SLEDGE-DRIVER.

As is well known, King Edward takes the keenest interest in every mode of locomotion, and not often can His Majesty have enjoyed sledging under better conditions than during last week, for the beautiful country surrounding Friedrichshof was deep in snow when the British

Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Prince Henry of Prussia



Crown Princess of Greece.

German Emperor. Empress Frederick. Princess Royal of Saxe-Meiningen. Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND HER CHILDREN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. H. VOIGT, HOMBURG.

represented by two of her daughters, the future Queen of Greece and Princess Charles of Hesse, and, after an affectionate interchange of greetings had taken place, the Emperor and King Edward entered the Kaiser's splendid sledge, drawn by a fine pair of Hungarian greys instead of by the white horses which are generally driven by William II. The reason, however, was not far to seek, Hungarian steeds being famed for their extreme power of speed—indeed, the pair in question are said to have accomplished the distance between Friedrichshof and Cronberg under half-an-hour, ordinary quick-trotting horses generally taking slightly over an hour.

MEETING OF BROTHER AND SISTER.

It does not require much imagination to conjure up the touching nature of the meeting between the King-brother and the Empress-sister. Only a few short months ago, Edward VII. was spending a happy holiday at Homburg, constantly the guest of the Empress Frederick, then so comparatively well that, on more than one occasion, she was able to go into the town to see the then Prince of Wales at his hotel. Now the whole world has changed for both the Royal brother and sister. The one has become Monarch of the greatest Empire of the world, and the other

Sovereign arrived at Cronberg, and King Edward and the German Emperor spent much of their time in long sledging excursions, first one, then the other Sovereign taking the reins; while it was noticed that, in spite of the natural anxiety and emotion undergone by him, each day His Most Gracious Majesty became much invigorated by the fine air of the Taunus Mountains, even the keen cold being exhilarating after the London weather of the previous ten days.

FRIEDRICHSHOF

is by no means the "unpretentious villa" which it has been described as being in more than one publication; on the contrary, Her Imperial Majesty's country home is to all intents and purposes a splendid country palace, built round a great quadrangle which makes it worthy of its name, signifying in German "Frederick's Court."

Cut deeply within the beautiful white stone porch, through which have passed so many great personages, including our late beloved Sovereign, are the two words, "Friderici Memoria." Curiously enough, the name Friedrichshof was not chosen without a good deal of hesitation, Friedrichsruhe having been the first choice; but, when it was pointed out to the Empress that this would cause confusion with the late



FRIEDRICHSHOF.

THE PALACE OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, VISITED BY KING EDWARD VII. LAST WEEK.

Prince Bismarck's estate in Northern Prussia, she made up her mind that her widowed home should be known by its present name.

As most people are aware, King Edward's elder sister has always been an admirable artist and an enthusiastic lover of fine scenery. Ever since the days when, as little more than a bride,

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY visited the beautiful old Royal Schloss of Homburg, the former home of her aunt, once Princess Elizabeth of England and Ireland, she has always



VICTORIA HOUSE FOR NURSES IN BERLIN, FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

See "The Sketch" Small Talk.

been very much attached to the most charming and cheerful of German watering-places, while the fact that it was there that her three younger daughters spent a portion of their happy betrothal days has further endeared Homburg to the Empress. The lovely scenery of the Taunus Mountains naturally greatly attracted the future owner of Friedrichshof, the more so that a charming addition to the landscape is the fine old Cronberg Castle, which also owes not a little to the Empress, who has had a number of the rooms therein turned into a museum.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AND FRIEDRICHSHOF.

After the late Emperor's death, some surprise was felt that the Empress should devote herself so energetically to building and creating, as it were, a new home for herself. As an actual fact, the Emperor, whose devotion to his wife was well known, himself suggested to her that she should devote the first years of her widowhood to making a new home where all her children could, as it were, meet on neutral ground. Thus, when deciding and superintending the laying-out of the beautiful grounds, Her Imperial Majesty was but carrying out the wish of the husband with whom she had spent so many happy years, and there is scarce an apartment in the great Schloss but bears some touching

MEMENTO OF THE NOBLE KING-EMPEROR after whom the Castle is named. Friedrichshof, from the front, recalls rather an old French château than a German palace, though technically the architecture may be described as Early Rhenish Renaissance — that belonging to the period of transition from the Gothic to the Flamboyant style which was first seen during the early sixteenth century, and which inspired successfully so many of those who built the lovely châteaux with which France is studded from Normandy to Provence.

The Empress was careful that all the work should be done by German workmen, and that all the materials used should also be German; thus, the beautiful sandstone which comes from Bavaria was used in the facings, windows, and doors, Kalkschiefer, the slate-stone peculiar to the Taunus Mountains, being also employed. The Castle has three storeys, and, from an architectural point of view, the most interesting peculiarity of the building is the deep roof, where again are three rows of windows. Here and there stand out the two initials "F. V."

THE CHARMING SUITE OF ROOMS OCCUPIED BY EDWARD VII. is situated just above Her Imperial Majesty's drawing-room, boudoir, and bedchamber. The windows command lovely views, and, by Her Imperial Majesty's own special wish, the bedroom successively occupied by William II. and his august uncle contains a wonderful old carved German four-poster, of which the hangings consist of tapestry done many years ago by the Empress and her much-loved sister, Princess Alice, who were both as young married women devoted to needle-craft.

AN IMPERIAL LIBRARY.

The Empress is justly proud of the library at Friedrichshof. This noble apartment leads out of the billiard-room, and, in addition to a fine collection of English, German, and French books, ancient and modern, all ranged in sections in oak book-shelves lining the walls, and of which the top section forms a shelf on which are placed busts of famous literary men and some old Roman vases, is a unique collection of Royal and other autographs, while in sunk-glass tables are a number of beautiful bronze medals. The Empress herself directed how this most original of Royal libraries should be arranged. One bookcase, for example, contains all the works published in England and in Germany dedicated to the Empress Frederick; in yet another bookcase are the contributions to literature made by Royal personages, and these, of course, contain a very complete and admirable set of our late beloved Sovereign's public and privately printed volumes.

THE IMPERIAL DRAWING-ROOM.

Although there are many reception-rooms and several exquisite boudoirs, the great double apartment known as the Green Drawing-Room, and which curiously recalls Queen Victoria's drawing-room at Osborne House, was, in happier days, most used by the Empress. It is here that the Imperial mistress of Friedrichshof keeps her greatest artistic treasures, including a splendid Rubens; and here, again, some notable Royal gatherings have taken place, not the least interesting being that held there last week.

THE BANQUETING-HALL.

The large dining-room is to all intents and purposes a splendid banqueting-hall. Panelled in oak, an interesting feature of the dining-room is a music-gallery, while below it, in a recess, may be seen the Empress's wonderful collection of old plate. Above the beautiful mantelpiece is a bust of the Emperor Frederick.

AN EMPRESS'S GERMAN GARDEN.

The Empress Frederick, like our own late Queen, has always taken the very greatest interest in gardening and in forestry. Friedrichshof is surrounded not by one, but by a variety of lovely gardens, and scattered here and there are noble trees planted by various Royal personages as mementoes of happy visits spent at Cronberg. It is almost impossible to believe that some ten years ago these beautiful grounds were not—indeed, the estate, from a horticultural point of view, has been, in a very real sense, the creation of the Empress Frederick.



VICTORIA HOUSE FOR NURSES IN BERLIN: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

MISS ADA REHAN IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY."

From Photographs by Byron, New York.

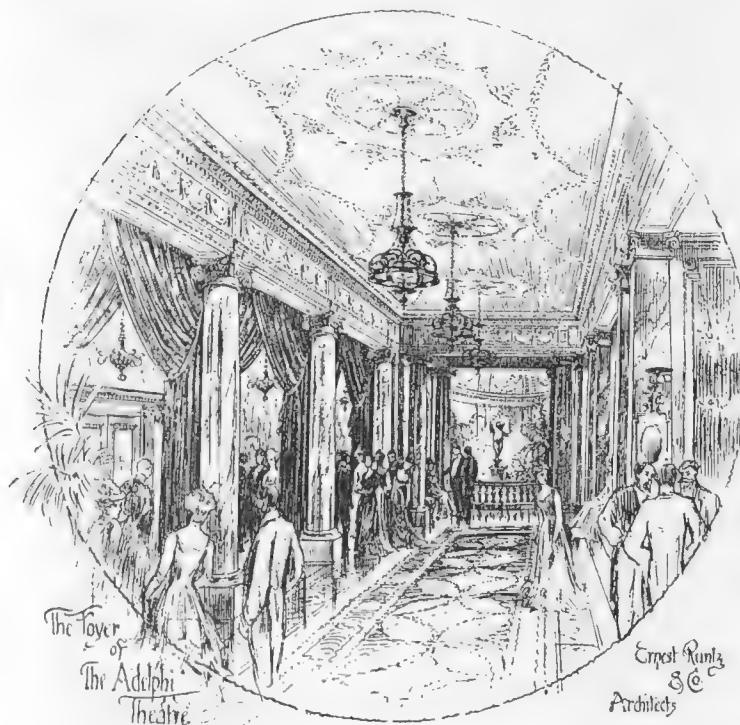
OUTSIDE THE KING'S THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN: CHARLES II. FOR THE FIRST TIME IS ATTRACTED BY SWEET NELL.



A ROOM IN JUDGE JEFFREYS' HOUSE: NELL TREATS THE TYRANNICAL JUDGE WITH DEFIANCE.

NEW CENTURY THEATRE (LATE ADELPHI).

THE lease of the late Adelphi Theatre is passing into the hands of a Limited Company, the Chairman of which is Mr. Walter Weil, a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange, whilst Mr. Tom B. Davis, of the Lyric Theatre, will be the new Manager of the enterprise. The singular ability which Mr. Davis has already shown as a manager and producer of musical plays promises well for the future



FOYER OF THE NEW CENTURY THEATRE.

of the new Adelphi Theatre. In recent years, few longer runs than melodious "Florodora," which has well advanced into its second year of existence at the Lyric Theatre, have been known. It is, perhaps, somewhat premature to state anything as to the future arrangements of the Management, but it is gratifying to learn that the house may be opened about Easter, and, in order to effect this, three shifts of men are being employed on the reconstruction and decoration of the house.

The rivalry which has hitherto existed, not always to the public benefit, between the producers of musical comedy at one and another of the London theatres is likely to come to an end at the birth of the new Adelphi Theatre, because, if Mr. Edwardes and Mr. Davis work in harmony, as there is every reason they should, they may practically monopolise the management of this class of entertainment. I understand that Mr. Weil is on terms of most cordial relationship with both gentlemen, and, with his strong financial position and the ability he has displayed in bringing the enterprise to its present position, there is every prospect of this theatre taking quite a foremost rank in the class of entertainment with which it is proposed to inaugurate its opening.

The New Century Theatre, in short, promises to be a credit to the playhouses of the Metropolis, and the accompanying illustrations, very courteously prepared for the use of *The Sketch* by the eminent architects, Messrs. Ernest Runtz and Co., of 10, Walbrook, E.C., will justify my statement that the capital and enterprise being bestowed upon it should almost "command" success.

THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD ADELPHI THEATRE IN NOVEMBER 1900.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

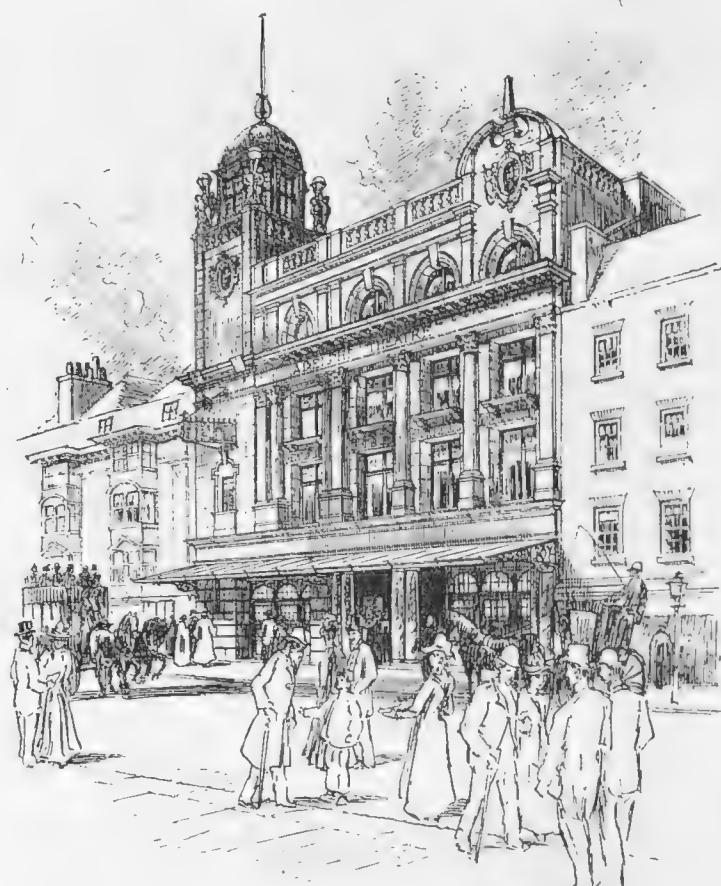
The Grand Circle has seating accommodation for one hundred and seventy-two persons, and the seats will be of a far more luxurious character than is usual in West-End houses.

The Upper Circle is approached from the Crush Room, and, in addition to a seating capacity for two hundred and forty persons, has a large Lounge immediately in the rear, about fifteen feet in width, running from east to west. Again leading from this will be a Smoking Lounge, and beyond this again the Saloon.

With regard to the new gallery, everyone will now, with the greatest comfort, be able to both see and hear all that takes place.

The remodelled Adelphi Theatre will have an extended frontage to the Strand, as the adjoining premises westward have been acquired and incorporated in the main approaches, and advantage has been taken of this circumstance to erect a conspicuous turret on the western end, with a cupola, and at the angles groups of Cupids holding large arc-lamps. The façade will in material match the present theatre and adjoining restaurant, and a new shelter will run along the full extent, and so conveniently give access to the theatre from the restaurant.

The new Crush Room will be considerably larger than the old one,



THE NEW CENTURY THEATRE AS IT IS TO BE.

being thirty feet long and twenty feet in width, with a centrally placed Box-office and conveniently arranged cloak-rooms.

The central staircase will still lead to the Dress Circle, and at the right of same the staircase leads to the Upper Circle. One of the great improvements is the approach to the Saloon on the left of central staircase, down a short flight into a small Foyer, following on the "O.P." side in one instance, and by a subway diagonally across the auditorium to the "prompt" side of the stalls, thus avoiding what has hitherto obtained—that is, the necessity of going upstairs to the Circle and down again to the stalls. A new Saloon will be provided for the stalls on the "O.P." side, and there will be no less than two hundred stall-seats arranged, the pit still being a very large one, having seating capacity for about four hundred persons.

On ascending by the central staircase to the Dress Circle level, one enters the new Foyer, running practically from east to west of the house, its extreme length being sixty feet, with a proportionate width, and at either end with semi-circular recesses having domical roof treatment in mosaic. In each recess will be fountains and figures representing "Dawn" and "Night," with suitable electric illuminations. These recesses will be used as palmaries, the whole forming a comfortable lounge between the Acts.

There will be eight boxes (including the Royal Box), with retiring-rooms, the latter remaining in the same position as hitherto.

With regard to the decorative treatment in the new theatre, we are to have something a little different from the usual Renaissance and Empire plastic treatment so generally adopted in modern theatres, and an effort will be made to introduce an air of refinement rather than the garishness which seems to be the prevalent objective in theatre decoration. Here we are to have the decorative work in the Auditorium carried out entirely in the refined manner of the brothers Adams, who erected so many buildings in the immediate vicinity of the theatre. The scheme of colouring will be old-gold and varying shades of peacock-blue, with cream and gold for the decorative plaster-work.

T. H. L.

"A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. HARVEY (COUNT SKARIATINE) AND MISS N. DE SILVA (VIERA).



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS COUNT SKARIATINE.



Miss de Silva as Viera. Mr. Martin Harvey as Count Skariatine.

COUNT SKARIATINE: "COUNT OF WHAT OR WHERE? MADAME, I HAVE FORGOTTEN."

A PAGE OF THEATRICAL FAVOURITES.



MISS N. DE SILVA (MRS. MARTIN HARVEY), WHO PLAYS THE LEAD IN HER HUSBAND'S PRODUCTION OF "A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE."

Photo by Holloway, Cheltenham.



MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE, WHO PLAYS DUMNOFF IN "A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS FANNY BROUGH AS PEG WOFFINGTON IN A NEW ADAPTATION OF "MASKS AND FACES" WITH WHICH SHE IS NOW ON TOUR.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.



MISS LILY HANBURY, WHO MAKES SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CHORUS IN "HENRY V.," AT THE LYCEUM.

Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: OXFORD.

ROWING interests have during the past month centred upon Oxford and Cambridge, where, with "Torpids" and "Lents" in progress and the respective 'Varsity Eights entering upon their first week of training, rowing-men have been very busy. The Oxford crew, of whom some pictures are given, began training on the evening of Ash Wednesday, and, according to precedent, were given a

was unable to row, his place being taken by Kelly, which points to the latter's probable selection for spare man. Mr. MacLagan will, for a third year in succession, hold the responsible position of cox., and, with his previous experience, may be counted upon to be of the greatest assistance to his crew on reaching the tideway, which they are expected to do about March 14.

The Oxford crew are not availing themselves of the services of any professional strong man in their system of training, and it should be of



Mr. G. C. Bourne. Mr. H. R. M. Bourne. Mr. H. Gold.
COACHES AT IFFLEY.



THE OXFORD CREW ENTERING IFFLEY LOCK.



GOING DOWN THE BARGES.



MR. G. C. BOURNE COACHING MESSRS. LONG AND HUNTLEY.

day's rest previous to their long spell of arduous work and strict routine. Several took the opportunity of giving some final advice to their College Torpid Eights for the races which began on the following day. The crew may now be considered to have settled down in their final order, the following being the latest names: F. O. J. Huntley (bow), A. de L. Long (2), H. J. Hale (3), H. C. Du Vallon (4), J. Younger (5), F. Warre (6), T. B. Etherington-Smith (7), R. Culme-Seymour (stroke), G. S. MacLagan (cox.).

Mr. Bourne has now relinquished the position of coach, which he has occupied since the beginning of practice, and under his instructions the men have made great strides, and have become in every sense a "crew," one of the most promising signs being the fact that they are extremely well together. Mr. C. K. Philips has now taken charge of the crew, and will undertake their training at Oxford until he hands them over to ex-President Gold on their arrival at Henley in a very short time, when they will once again be the guests of Sir John Edwards-Moss. There have been but few changes in the boat during the past week or two, since Culme-Seymour displaced Huntley at the stroke thwart. F. S. Kelly has given way at No. 2 to Long, the No. 6 in last term's winning Trial Eight, and on several occasions Messrs. Hale and Younger have exchanged places. Two days last month Du Vallon

great interest to attempt to discover by comparison of the two crews any value there may be in this latest addition to the oarsman's training. Future records of races may mark 1901 with an asterisk, "Sandow's development first introduced."

The crew this year may be said to represent a considerable number of Colleges. New College head the list with three, followed by Balliol with two; B.N.C., Oriel, University, and Magdalen, one each. There are four Old Etonians in the crew, Younger and Long are Wykehamites, Etherington-Smith is a Reptonian, while Huntley comes from Radley, as also does G. Parker in the Cantab crew, having followed one another as strokes of their School Eight at Henley in successive years. Huntley has during the past year stroked the Leander crew which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley and the winning 'Varsity Trial Eight.

A considerable number of Old Blues and well-known rowing-men have been interested spectators lately on the tow-path, among whom I have noticed W. B. Woodgate, M. C. Pilkington, C. M. Pitman, H. Gold, E. L. Warre, and C. D. Goldie, the Cantab. On the whole, Oxonians may congratulate themselves on being so well represented, and, if the Fates will only be kind and not subject the crew to such misfortunes in the way of illness as they did last year, we may expect a very exciting meeting on the Putney to Mortlake course.—L. C. G.-W.



G. S. MacLagan. R. Culme-Seymour. T. B. Etherington-Smith. F. Warre. J. Younger. H. C. Du Vallon. H. J. Hale. A. de L. Long. F. O. J. Huntley.

HIGHLAND HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.



NEW MAR LODGE.



LINN OF QUOICH, THE FAVOURITE FISHING-POOL OF THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, NEAR NEW MAR LODGE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A ROYAL ANGLING TRIO.



THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND HER DAUGHTERS, LADIES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD DUFF.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The Furniture Fetish—On the Management of Earthquakes—Rival Schools in Sofas—“The Scenery’s the Thing” (Anon.)—Age-Limit for Choristers—“The Going-Out Entrances”—Free Trade in First-Nights—The Insurance Craze.

THE Season—for there is to be a modified Season—and the re-awakened drama see no falling-off in the cult of the stage upholsterer and the furniture fetish. The author, who used simply to be insulted by the manager and ridiculed by the company and the orchestra, is now also cut dead by the scene-painter, and is expected to touch his hat to the French-polisher, addressing him as “sir.” A humorist declares that a new and powerful drama, entitled “The Veneerers; or, On the Hire System,” has just been written on commission by Maple and Co., and that Oetzmann will “create” the part of an ottoman in a coming drawing-room comedy of Mr. Pinero’s.

A “leading man” may find a specially ordered earthquake and purple-cloud-lowering-in-the-offing introduced into his principal love-scene. If he represents that he can only speak his “lines” in the offing and that the purple cloud can be adjusted to lower somewhere else on the horizon, he finds his whole scene—the centre of the plot—cut out. He “makes up” for the motor-car or the piano. He may be finally dismissed because his physique does not harmonise with the (real) apple-trees in the orchard.

Fancy a manager saying to the carpenter: “I like this sofa. It has intellect and social tone, but it isn’t *intense* enough for my audience”! Fancy him saying that in the old days! He does not say it now, but he might. It is the upholsterer who ought to “take the call” and discuss the “boozing” question with the gallery, while the author applauds deferentially from a pit seat. Programmes are covered with the names of mechanicians, cabinet-makers, and electricians, with family details. All the record prices for stage-dresses in the books of our leading dressmakers have been paid in recent years.

New breakfast sets, fancy waistcoats, and stage animals are paragraphed and interviewed. The dramatist must avoid interference with the manager’s snowstorm, and beware the fearful avalanche from the ironmonger’s. Modern plagiarism is done with stage photographs and drawing-room nicknacks. The thunder and storms in general of Nature are made to look simply contemptible, and our murders and Society suicides insipid affairs by comparison. New York this season is showing just as much respect for furniture as we are; the latest success there, that of Miss Blanche Bates, is described as breaking the record in its *mise-en-scène*. Yet need we any longer distinguish between the drama of London and New York—except that the former is so much the more Yankee? Why not clear off the expenses of the War by taxing imported labour from the American stage?

Our operas, of course, are, conversely, staged at about half-a-sovereign apiece, or five pounds the dozen. But there are rumours of still more lavish expense under the new *régime*, and, it is said, an old-age pensions scheme and a revolutionary too-old-at-sixty-five rule are to be put in operation in the chorus. These be troublous times. But should we blame the manager for the well-known hopeless decay of the drama? When he has paid for the dresses, scenery, wigs, limelight, and machinery, where can he possibly get the money to buy good actors and a real play, even if his house is crowded out every night—especially when the County Council compels him to provide an exit for every two or three people and to devote about half the auditorium to gangways and passages, filling up valuable room with a corps of firemen, inspectors, and police? But hush! this is treason. As to high-class drama, we go to the music-halls to get that.

Two rival schools of *premières* have appeared—the Lowenfeld and the Curzon. The one demands an affidavit from the audience that it will not “boo” (“They applaud *everything*,” as the concert-manager, with doubtful taste, observed to the nervous young tenor); the other sells the tickets in order of rotation. The one adopts a Test Act; the other, Free Trade. The one extends the franchise only to permanent residents; the other gives equal rights to every white man at the box-office, and leaves voting to be done by the lung-power of the majority.

Only one man has a right to discuss the merits of each system—the manager, who may, if he likes, object to a boy in the sixpenny gallery with a penny musical instrument giving the best actors in the world the cruellest of ordeals. He may run a play for five hundred nights on the free-ticket system, or pay people to come and see it. There was an Irish manager who declared that a piece lost money every night; it was only the length of the run that made it pay.

It is a feature of the age that we cannot buy a newspaper, a box of cigarettes, or a cake of soap without a coupon for a valuable present or a life insurance attached. It makes us, in fact, self-supporting. The very latest theatrical enterprise is a coupon in the bill of the play. The playgoer signs it and insures against fatal accident. This is business-like. If the holder gets safely away, it is not a fatal accident; if he is burnt to death, the coupon is burnt as well. There is no answering this.

HILL ROWAN.

THE WOODCOCK.

IT was a fine morning, cold and clear, with a faint suspicion of frost. I was strolling, gun in hand and dog at heel, through the fields, at peace with all the world, excepting always such game as the dog or I might disturb. Below the sloping fields, the river ran sparkling; away to the left, the yellow wood revealed all the paths that summer and autumn had hidden with luxuriant undergrowth. I could hear the “drip, drip” of water from the boughs on to the rotten leaves that strewed the ground, telling of an early frost that the sun had dissipated.

A little yokel ran towards me across a field on whose newly risen wheat-crop rabbits had worked their will and left broad traces. He was out of breath, and his eyes proclaimed great tidings.

“Morster,” he gasped, in the intervals of returning breath, “I’ve a-seed a woodcock bi th’ bush askew th’ wood, so I’ve runned to tell ‘ee.” My inattention and indifference departed in a hurry. I questioned the lad closely. There, in or near the hedge some two hundred yards away, if he spoke truly, the artful *scolopax*, rarely seen in these parts, hard to hit, and dear to the palate, sat meditating one of his strange flights. I devised a plan of campaign. The hedge, a high one interspersed with pollards, separated a grass-meadow from a mangel-field; the light wind was blowing from grass to mangel—from west to east—and that was the direction the bird would choose when flushed.

At the same time, it would prefer a course that was clear, even against the wind, and, not having the gifts of the unknown bird immortalised by Sir Boyle Roche, I asked the lad to come with me. Noislessly we moved to the edge of the field, and there the lad took to the grass, walking some twelve yards from the hedge, while I went slowly down the other side, much closer in, with the dog ranging a little in front. I had been through the mangel-patch two days before, and found nothing; this morning, a fine hare rose from its form within ten yards of me. I covered it, and thought of the story about the relative values of birds in hand and birds in bushes, but I did not fire. A hare is grateful and comforting—but a woodcock! So we went down, keeping in line across the hedge. Nothing stirred. I thought the boy must have been in error, or the bird had flown, and then, without warning, the woodcock appeared some twenty yards away, rising comparatively slowly, and affording a simple, easy shot, to which he responded by falling like a stone. I ran forward; I would not allow my dog to pick him up. He was in splendid condition, fat as prize cattle at Islington Cattle Show. I thought of Nimrod, Adonis, William Rufus, and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, together with other sportsmen, living and dead, and I decided that I envied none of them.

For the next two hours I walked the fields so well satisfied with myself that half-a-dozen easy shots passed unnoticed. Several rabbits rose and ran; a couple of wood-pigeons sailed suddenly within easy reach; a stray partridge, sole survivor of some fine covey of the earlier year, whirled away unchallenged. My dog looked disgusted. All the time I was debating the destination of the lately slain. To whom should I present it? At last the problem’s solution was solved. “Eureka!” I cried aloud. “I will entertain myself to dinner to-morrow night at the Inn, and Mrs. Blunt shall cook the bird.” Mrs. Blunt is the hostess of an inn two miles away; she was a cook before her husband married her, is a cook now, and will be found ultimately in the culinary department of Paradise.

I left the fields and reached the high-road. Some neighbours of mine whose guns had punctuated my thoughts during the morning passed lunchwards. Two boys followed them, carrying thirty or forty rabbits, hurdled and passed along a stout pole.

“Morning!” said one, adding in compassionate tones, “No sport?”

“Only had one shot all the morning,” I replied casually, and showed the woodcock. My neighbour’s face lengthened; his complexion turned a bilious yellow. His companion muttered “Woodcock!” in a tone full of grief. I had robbed some two score rabbits of their flavour.

At two cottages on my homeward way, old men, past work and safe from the workhouse, clamoured for the story of the bird. One said that he had not heard of more than a dozen shot in the district in the past ten years. Only by remembering that pride goes before a fall did I effect some measure of self-control.

That afternoon the bird was conveyed to Mrs. Blunt, with a note suggesting what should precede and follow it, and on the following evening I was at the picturesque old inn half-an-hour before my time. The hunt had been out. I had heard a horn and seen a flash or two of scarlet on my morning stroll, and now, as I walked to and fro in front of the hostelry, a tired hunter drew rein at its door, and called for a drink without dismounting. We recognised each other.

“You do miss a lot, to be sure!” he said. “We found near Oakenshaw, and had fifty minutes’ rattle to Thatchington, the best run of the year; killed there, and again late this afternoon on Quarry Farm, after some very fast riding. Everybody went home dead-beat and happy. What are you doing here?”

“Shot a woodcock yesterday morning,” I said; “and I’m going to eat him inside the hour. Suppose I’d hunted to-day and been thrown badly—who would have eaten the bird?”

He finished his drink.

“I never desert a friend in distress,” he remarked. “I would have come to the rescue and eaten it for you.”

And as he went into the outer darkness, I made my way to the oak-panelled sitting-room, where the lamp shone above the snow-white table-cloth, the fire blazed cheerily, and there was in the warm air a subtle savour of skilled cookery.

S. L. B.

THE JOY OF LIFE IN DRESDEN.

THIE joy of life is a very real thing in Dresden. It seems to be in the very air, and it is not long before the casual visitor feels its benign influence stealing over him. First, a feeling of rest and well-being, followed by exhilaration; all the dormant capacities for pure enjoyment awake; we are young again, and throbbing with energy.

In Dresden the pavements are reserved for pedestrians, and loitering nursemaids with perambulators and mail-earts are not allowed to hustle you off your foot-right and to rub off the superfluous mud of the wheels against your skirts. Perambulators are not allowed on the pavement any more than cycles. The importance and value of babies as future citizens are fully recognised, but these little atoms of humanity are relegated to their own sphere in the public gardens, where special playgrounds and walks, provided in many cases with sand-heaps in which the little ones revel to their hearts' content, are set apart for them.

All these negatives, of which one becomes insensibly sensible, combine to produce a feeling of well-being. Lest I should later on be accused of luring visitors under false pretences to this Utopia, I may as well state that I am now describing some of its joys, and that, if a man expects on this terrestrial globe to find any spot where he is entirely exempt from life's little worries, he is doomed to bitter disappointment. A close investigation, indeed, generally reveals the fact that he bears the ghosts of all these little worries about with him, safely stowed away within his manly breast, whence they escape now and again in a fresh guise, the better to torment him.

The Saxon of the middle-class takes his pleasures more simply than we do, and who shall say that he does not derive more real enjoyment from them? He culls the flower that pleases him best for the sake of its loveliness, and enjoys its sweet scent to the full. We often wait for Fashion to lead the way and cut off for us the more or less gorgeous blooms she deems most desirable; we test their fragrance, and pronounce it exquisite.

Music is, however, a common ground whereon all nations may find their joy. The Opera in Dresden is meet for all and within everyone's means, seeing that reserved seats may be had from ninepence to seven shillings, and it would be difficult to find any stage where greater excellence is attained in ensemble or detail. The favourite singers, Therese Malten, Anthes, and Scheidemantel, have proved a living force which has materially helped to raise the Dresden Opera to its present high artistic standard. The Opera House is a beautiful building of noble proportions, a worthy setting for the treasures within. Providing you do not prize the material enjoyments of the table more than those the Muses set before you in their Temple, you will find it delightful to be able to indulge night after night in theatre- and opera-going without feeling any the worse for it. The performances end at ten o'clock, or, in the case of "Der Meistersinger," "Die Götterdämmerung," and "Tristan," at half-past ten; but, then, they begin at half-past six or seven, late dinners not being considered of paramount importance.

If your ticket admits you to the left side of the house, you may any night, as you enter the beautiful vestibule of grey marble, see a Sedan-chair of green and white, the Saxon colours, set down at your side; respectful bearers in Royal liveries throw open the door, and out steps the kindly looking Queen Carola, or the graceful and beautiful young Princess Friedrich August, wife of the Heir-Apparent. Swiftly the doors of a lift glide back, and the Royal party ascends directly into the suite of rooms, upholstered in pale-blue satin, leading to the Royal Box, and from which a private view behind the scenes may be obtained through a gilt grating opening on to the first entrance.

The last new Managerial triumph was the production of Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," which filled every available seat in the house as often as it appeared on the play-bills. I am by no means a lover of the ballet, and of the German ballet in particular; but I never saw anything so dainty, so haunting, so absolutely enchanting, as the dances

arranged by Balletmeister Berger for Delilah's maidens; by their dainty, artless grace, they act as a foil to the languorous, sensuous charm of the irresistible temptress. Saint-Saëns' additional new ballet music had not been heard before even in Paris, and those who journeyed from the Gay Capital to see and criticise were bound to confess that the opera, and more especially the dancing, pleased them better in Dresden.

In Paris it would probably have been more elaborate, more gorgeous, more suggestive, and its chief charm lost as a contrast to the wiles of Delilah (Frl. von Chavanne). For impressiveness, nothing could exceed the scene at the tread-mill; and yet there was but the solitary figure of Samson, blind and forsaken, calling upon the God of his fathers to let him suffer, but to spare his people, and two men of the guard gambling in a corner. The scene, however, was in the hands of Herr Anthes (who will probably visit us this season), an artist who rose to the sublime. The last scene in the Temple of Dagon was admirably managed, and the inexorable, avenging hand worked universal destruction with a realism which produced a momentary thrill of awe in the audience. "Der Meistersinger," "Fidelio," "Tristan und Isolde," "Tannhäuser," were all given with the same careful attention to detail and the same firm grasp of the drama's central idea which have won for Dresden the distinction of having the most artistic Opera in Germany.

Opera, however, does not constitute everyone's idea of joy. Many prefer a variety entertainment and stream into the Victoria Salon or the beautiful new Central Theater, where some part of the performance resembles that given at our Hippodrome. Some of the artists were, in fact, the same I had seen in London. In the Central Theater the scene changes and is essentially German. The whole of the stall-space is set out with little tables for dining or supping, but not at exorbitant prices, or simply for the ubiquitous foaming tankard on its little felt mat. Here come the German fathers with their wives and daughters to spend a happy hour or two, to eat the evening meal *ganz gemütlich*, and be amused at the same time at a moderate cost.

There are numbers of concerts of classical or popular music given under similar conditions in winter, and in summer in the open by the river or under the trees on the Brühlsche Terrasse, where wives and daughters may safely be taken or ladies may even go alone: the smoking is not excessive, perfect silence reigns among the audience during the music, and there is a total absence of vulgarity and objectionable smartness which would, under similar circumstances, spoil the scene in London.

Among the characteristic daily joys is the hour from one to three and that from five to seven, when the population turns out for a quiet stroll along the streets, to look at the shops, which are brilliantly and tastefully set out, to meet friends and have a chat, finishing, perhaps, with a cup of coffee or a glass of beer in one of the many appetising-looking confectioners' shops or restaurants. Better than day-long slavery!



HERR GEORG ANTHES
AS WALTHER IN "DER MEISTERSINGER," AT
THE ROYAL OPERA, DRESDEN.

Photo by W. Häuffert



FRÄULEIN THERESE MALTEN
AS ELSA IN "LOHENGRIN," AT THE ROYAL OPERA,
DRESDEN.

Photo by W. Häuffert.



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, DRESDEN.
Photo by R. Tamme, Dresden.

THE EVOLUTION OF JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL did not originate in the pages of *Punch*. Wherefore Mr. Spielmann, the talented chronicler of its annals, is not quite right in saying, "It is true that *Punch* has imposed upon the nation a character which, as depicted, is unknown in the land, and placed him in a line of business notoriously dissimilar from that in which he

really engages." The truth is, *Punch* took Mr. Bull as it found him, and, after a brief attempt to improve upon him, was content to fall back upon the character as depicted by its predecessors in the department of satire.

John Bull, as a generic name for Englishmen, has a literary and not a pictorial genesis. At least seventy years elapsed after the publication in 1712 of Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull" before its hero was portrayed by any artist, and this portrayal was seemingly done without any reference whatever to Mr. Bull's biographer.

The subject of Arbuthnot's satire is the Spanish Succession during the reigns of Queen Anne and the French Monarch, Louis XIV. Queen Anne is Mrs. Bull; John Bull's mother is the Church of England, and John Bull's sister, Peg, the Scotch nation, represented as in love with Jack (Calvin). In the selection of such a name as John Bull, it may be, of course, that Arbuthnot was influenced by the existence, a century earlier, of a real John Bull, a celebrated Doctor of Music and the reputed composer of the National Anthem, "God Save the King." But it is even more probable that the name suggested itself, for was not the bulldog the national dog, and John the commonest of baptismal names? In the work we are given for the first time this character-sketch of the national prototype: "Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but, then, he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered, you might lead him as a child."

Quoting from Arbuthnot's satire a generation or so later (when a reprint amongst "Pope's Miscellanies" gave it a new lease of life), several contemporary writers and pamphleteers make allusion to John Bull. But by mid-century it would appear that the name alone had survived, and the description of his character had been forgotten, for John Bull, from a bluff country gentleman, has degenerated into a sort of peasant-farmer, with, it is true, a fund of common-sense and a determination not to be hoodwinked by anybody, least of all the political sharpers who were constantly invoking his suffrage. His talk is frankly peasant. He "thee and thou's" everybody, and "wools" where he should "will." He now knows no more of backsword and single falchion than he does of Latin; cudgel-play is truly more in his line. The first drawing by Rowlandson of the national prototype is about 1790, and there he is depicted as the good-natured, somewhat stupid peasant, who, stupid as he is, is often a match for those reputed to be clever. In another caricature by the same artist, dated 1793, John Bull rebukes Fox and Sheridan when they warn him not to accept Pitt's paper money. "I wool take it," he says. "A' may as well let my Measter Billy hold the gold to keep away you Frenchmen as save it to gee it to you Frenchmen when ye come over with your donn'd invasion!" John Bull now appears more often in the cartoons of the period. It would seem as if the dread of a French invasion causes him to emerge from his farmhouse and play a prominent part in the politics of the day. He is always turning up in the nick of time to foil the schemes of first one political protagonist and then another. He has always been a man of what our ancestors would have called a gross habit, but with increasing wisdom and dignity comes increasing flesh. The advent of Napoleon brings John Bull more prominently before the public than ever; it is Bull, in fact, pitted against "Boney"; these are the great figures of that stirring period.

In depicting John Bull, Gillray may have had the aged King ("Farmer George") in mind; it is certain that the type of the Monarch and that of Bull grew to have much in common. In some caricatures the King is made to embody the nation when addressing his Ministers or Napoleon. An earlier drawing of Gillray's shows John Bull at home. Fat, healthy, and contented-looking, he is seated in a chair with a quart pot of ale on his knees. He is by his own hearth, and his dog is by his side. The wars have not broken out, and Bull has not begun to fight yet. To look at him, he does not seem to be the man to inspire dread or exact obedience abroad. He is a man of peace, and wishes only to be left alone to enjoy the good things vouchsafed to him in his island. Even when he wakes up and begins to show a mighty acuteness, he is not above receiving French gold for provisions and food-stuffs which are sadly needed by his own relations at home. John is put to a good many shifts in his campaign against "Boney," even to disposing of, so heavy, become the war taxes, his only pair of—"never mind"—*bien recherché* by Mr. Gilbert's hero, Peter Bell.



JAMES GILLRAY (1816).

John Bull is far from being the John Bull we know. He still lacks dignity, unless it be the dignity of simple rustic honesty and love of country. He is very far away indeed from Arbuthnot's description of him. In all the caricatures of the day he is found still employing the vulgar speech. Not merely does he allow himself to be addressed as "Johnny" (a thing Mr. Bull to-day would be shocked at), but he is for ever so apostrophising himself. It is "plain old Johnny, rough old Johnny B.—none of your French ways here, by G—, but all British sturdiness and honesty!" Dickens must have been studying these old cartoons when he created J. Bagstock, "Joey B., plain old Joe." Sometimes he is as patient as a faithful old dog, allowing himself to be treated infamously, ground to powder, as it were, in the good patriotic cause. If a character of more weight and dignity were demanded for the situation, it was never John Bull who would be drawn, but the King. In one cartoon, for instance, there is an impending change of ministry suggested, and the central figure is surrounded by satellites eager to obtain office on any terms.

"Begone!" exclaims the chief personage; "I won't have any of you. I want statesmen of character and ability; I've tried you, and found you wanting." Is this not the very language of John Bull? But John Bull could not talk like that yet; it was the King who spoke. It was when the King became infirm and lost his reason that John Bull became John Bull *plus* the King. Compare a cartoon of 1798 with one of, say, eleven years later. Bull is rejoicing over the destruction of one of Bonaparte's schemes of invasion.

"Ha! my little 'Boney,'" he cries; "what dost think of Johnny Bull now? Plunder old England, hay? Make French slaves of us all, hay? Oh, Lord help that silly head! To think that Johnny Bull would ever suffer those lanthorn jaws to become King of Old England's roast beef and plum-pudding!" This cartoon by Gillray is entitled "John Bull's Home Stroke Armed en Masse." The other is by Rowlandson, and is called "John Bull and the Genius of Corruption." The national prototype has been haranguing on the extinction of abuses with a compound symbolical monster who is standing in the way of progress and healthy legislation. Mr. Bull's corrupt opponent is making the Jesuitical confession, "What you say about reform, Johnny, is very true, but this is not the time for it." Bull, who has no opinion of the obstructive party, is retorting, "No; nor ever will be while such a monster as you remains in existence."

By 1825 John Phillips has transformed John Bull into a Squire and a gentleman. He is a testy old fellow, which shows that Phillips had been reading Arbuthnot to advantage. To George Cruikshank the world is indebted for many details of John Bull's costume, particularly the top-boots, which make their appearance about 1829. The drawing of the top-booted John Bull concerns the overthrow of Greece. "By Gar!" mutters France to Bull in the background, "Russia'll have her!" "That," replies Bull, "would be the very devil!"

In 1841, *Punch* made its appearance, as all the world knows. The first mention of John Bull in the pages of the "London Charivari" occurs in its fourth number, in a rhyming skit on Parliament, entitled "The House that Jack (Bull) Built."

The figure of John Bull makes its débüt in the pages of *Punch* Oct. 9, 1841, in a picture entitled "Mr. Sancho Bull and the State Physician." Only the "fat head" and shoulders of the hero are visible; it is not well drawn, and the personage, on the whole, is more Sancho Panza than John Bull. A gruff old curmudgeon is John Leech's earliest John Bull.

As one courses through the files of *Punch* and his many imitators, one sees a tendency as the years go by for Bull to grow old and mellow. More rubicund and expansive is his countenance; his waistcoat boasts a mightier bulge. Other national prototypes look mean and attenuated beside him. He can be angry and indignant at times when things go wrong, but, in general, a kindly benignity shines from his eyes. We love to believe him the very genius of our nation. Such is John Bull at the beginning of the century.

But what of the new spirit of England—what of the restless, active Young England, the keen commercial man, the nervous, omnivorous newspaper-reader, what of him? Is a stout, benevolent John Bull to serve for this race of Englishmen? Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Sambourne, and the others have infused into the visage of John Bull as much intelligence and kindness as it is possible to put into the human countenance; but the electrical fluid in our veins is making us a thinner race, and the fierce and urban struggle is making us more alert and active. Has not John Bull a son at home somewhere who will body forth the greater energy and psychical intensity of the English race? Or do we not yet wish to be reminded of this change—this new phase in our character?



JAMES GILLRAY (1798).

BECKLES WILLSON.

THE EVOLUTION OF JOHN BULL.



JOHN LEECH (1857).



JAMES GILLRAY (1802).



JOHN PHILLIPS (1829).



G. CRUIKSHANK (1829).

MR. JOHN BULL AT HOME.
SIR JOHN TENNIEL IN "PUNCH" (1856).

1901.



JAMES GILLRAY (1795).



JOHN BULL AT HOME.—JAMES GILLRAY (1790).



THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1793).

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN IDEAL COLLABORATION.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.



T *was* an ideal collaboration. Everybody said so, and, in theatrical affairs, everybody always knows. At the end of the Third Act, it was so evident that the play was to be a success that the men left off asking each other what the *deuce* the author could know about the stage, and the women decided that, after all, the colour of the authoress's hair was much more nearly auburn than red.

The Fourth Act was a good deal better than the average Fourth Act. I put it in that way because I don't wish to appear fulsome, but, as a matter of fact, it was about as good in its way as the majority of Fourth Acts are bad. When the final curtain fell, the house became highly excited, and it is pleasant to be

able to state that, despite the fact that they had paid for their seats, the gentlemen in the gallery behaved themselves quite nicely. The engaged couples from the suburbs and stage-stricken governesses in the upper circle would rather have died than move from their places without having seen the authors of the play; the true supporters of the drama in the pit congratulated each other on a highly profitable evening; the members of the profession in the circle determined to make the acquaintance of the lucky young couple without delay; the critics in the stalls felt a sense of relief at being able to say something really nice, for a change, without wounding their all-too-tender consciences; and the friends of the Management in the boxes immediately hurried round to congratulate anybody and everybody, from the leading lady to the Hebrew-featured backers.

"And now," said the audience, "they'll be able to get married and live happily ever afterwards." For it was an open secret—as open as most theatrical secrets—that these clever collaborators were engaged to each other, and needed only the money that a success would bring them to set off at once for their honeymoon. Perhaps this sentimental state of affairs was partly the reason why a large crowd collected at the stage-door to see the dramatists come forth.

It was rather a nervous business for them, getting into that hansom, but they managed it without any sacrifice of dignity, and the crowd had the satisfaction of hearing the author give the cabman an address in the direction of West Kensington.

"It's really awfully good of you," said the authoress, as soon as they had turned the first corner, "to see me such a long way home! Are you sure you don't mind, Dickie?"

"Of course not, dear!" said the author. "'Feel tired?'"

"Yes, I do now. But wasn't it splendid, the way our big scene caught on?"

"Ripping! Fairly knocked 'em! But I always knew it would. The difficulty was to make any manager believe it."

"Oh, they're so stupid!—all the ones who refused it, I mean. I should think they'll be rather sorry now."

"You bet! I had three offers for our next piece before I left the theatre."

"And I had two. That makes five altogether. We shall have a monopoly of the comedy houses," and the clever little woman leant back in the corner of the cab and laughed happily.

"Well," said the man, "now it has come, kiddy, we'll make 'em pay, eh? I feel that I've got a lot to get back on this sordid old city."

"Never mind," she said, gripping his hand; "you've got your reward at last, old boy. You can have everything you want now."

"Er—yes," he replied, glancing at her for a moment, and then staring straight in front of him over the horse's head.

There was a pause, until "May I light a cigarette?" he asked, rather nervously.

"Of course!"

"Won't it—?" He indicated her frippery by a sweep of the hand.

"Not a bit! And, besides, it wouldn't matter now, would it? Do you know, Dickie"—she leant forward and slipped her arm into his—"things seem unreal to-night, unsubstantial. Nothing seems quite the same as it did yesterday—except—"

"Yes?"

"I was going to say, except you; but even you don't seem quite the same to-night. I didn't think I was so easily thrown off my balance."

"Perhaps," he said, flicking at his cigarette-ash so clumsily that he burnt his finger, "perhaps I am not the same."

"What do you mean?" There was the slightest trace of suspicion in her tone. "I suppose you are."

There was another pause.

"Aren't you, dear?"

The girl's tones were very tender, and he felt her fingers tighten a little on his arm.

"Yes," he said, suddenly, "I'm the same as yesterday, but I was different then."

"It sounds like a puzzle," she said, laying her cheek against his sleeve. "Don't let's worry any more about it."

"But we must worry. At least, I must explain. I—I've not been quite fair to you."

"How do you mean, dear? I'm sure you have."

"No, I haven't. It's all through that rotten play!"

"Don't say that. It's a good play."

"Yes, I know. But it's muddled things up frightfully. Do you remember the little tiff we had after one of the rehearsals?"

"Do you mean about—about Mr. Turner?"

"No, no! I ought never to have said anything about that. Of course, you had to be polite to a man playing such an important part."

"Yes, but—I did flirt with him—a little."

"Oh, that's nothing! I meant about—about Miss Sewell."

"My dear boy, we've finished with that long ago!"

"Well, I thought we had, too; but—"

"Haven't we?"

"I'm afraid not—quite. The fact is—"

"Oh, Dickie dear, don't let's have any confessions to-night! We're both rather tired. Do you think it wise?"

"I'd rather tell you to-night, if I may. The fact is, I—well, I've flirted with her more than you think."

"After our—tiff?"

"Yes."

"That wasn't quite nice of you, Dickie, was it?"

"No, I know that. But—that's not all."

"Dickie!"

"I can't help it. I want to tell you and get it over."

"But suppose it doesn't get it over?"

"That's just it. I'm afraid it won't."

There was yet another pause. This time, in his agitation, he lit a cigarette without asking permission.

"You know," she said at last, "you're quite spoiling my evening. Men are so tactless!"

"Beastly sorry!" he replied, stubbornly. "But I hate putting things off."

"I know you do. And you're awfully obstinate. I found that out when we were working. Do you remember—?"

"What I wanted to say was, that—"

"Thank goodness! here we are at last."

The cab pulled up in front of some rather new-looking mansions. The author opened the doors, helped her out, and paid the cabby.

"Aren't you going back to the Temple with him?" asked the authoress.

"No, I'll get another. I want to speak to you first."

The man drove away, and they began to climb the stairs, slowly.

"I'm afraid I can't ask you in," said the lady. "Mother's away."

She paused on the landing below her own, and held out her hand.

"But I thought I saw her in the theatre," he said, surprised.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, slightly confused. "Very likely you did. But she's staying with some friends in another part of town. What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"I wanted to tell you that—that I care for Miss Sewell more than you think."

"Oh, Dickie!"

There was a world of reproach in her voice, and she looked up at him with wide, inquiring eyes.

"That isn't all," he went on, looking out of the staircase window into the dark street. "I—I proposed to her to-night after the Third Act."

"Well?"

The question came sharply through her set teeth.

"She accepted me." He waited a moment, not daring to look at her. Then he went on, "I feel an awful brute. I ought to have told you before, when I found I was falling in love with her. But I didn't want to spoil the rehearsals, and—Oh, for Heaven's sake, say something!"

He turned quickly, wondering at her silence. She was leaning against the banisters, and her head was bent so that he could not see her face.

"I won't ask you to forgive me now," he said, in a low voice; "but, perhaps—"

"Listen!"

She laid her hand heavily on his sleeve, but kept her face turned away. He waited for her to speak, and in the stillness that followed he heard a hansom pull up at the entrance below. There was the quick step of a man's foot on the stairs, and then—

"Turner!" gasped the author.

"Hallo!" said Turner; "brought the wife home for me? Good man!"

And he escorted his beaming bride up the remaining flight of stairs.



TOM BROWNE 1901

SKETCHES
OF
THE
ANTWERP
CARNIVAL

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOW that Mr. Laurence Housman has definitely stated that he is not the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters"—he must have been almost convinced himself that he had written the book by the positive proofs and assertions in the *Academy* and other papers—there is a consensus of opinion that—, but I really do not think so discreet and respectable a firm as that of Murray would have published any work from that source.

Here is at last the personal paragraph *in excelsis*. There has just been published on the other side of the Atlantic a volume entitled "Favourite Food of Famous Folk," in which are given the famous cooking recipes of such famous folk as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Harding Davis, and Mr. Frank Stockton. It is delightful to hear that "personal letters accompany the recipes," and that the volume is "both humorous and savoury in suggestion." English publishers may spare themselves the expense of telegraphing to America, as I understand that an English edition of this epoch-making work has already been arranged.

The following story of the American Interviewer is, I fancy, new. Some time ago, a well-known English authoress travelled to the States in connection with the dramatisation of one of her novels. There was some considerable unpleasantness about the matter, and strenuous attempts were made by the American Journalist to obtain an interview, which was as strenuously refused. All the little tricks and wiles which form part of the Yellow Journalist's stock-in-trade were tried in vain. One evening, however, a particularly enterprising Pressman heard that the authoress and a friend had taken a box at one of the theatres. Next morning, a full report of their private conversation was published in one of the newspapers. The reporter had been, throughout the evening, hidden under the seat in the box.

Another amusing story of American enterprise has just made its way across the Atlantic. It appears that several well-known American authors, including Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. G. W. Cable, were asked to sanction a compilation from their copyright works. In the innocence of their hearts they consented. When the "anthology" appeared, it turned out to be an advertisement of a brand of beer to which the quotations were ingeniously made to refer. It is also added that each of the authors quoted was presented by the brewery company with a complimentary keg of beer.

I hear that the Queen's death had a most extraordinary effect upon the sales of the daily newspapers. On the Wednesday morning, the newsagents and bookstalls found it impossible to supply the demand, and copies of that day's issue of the *Times* and other papers were sold to an enormous extent for many days afterwards. The trade made extensive preparations for a similar demand on the day after the funeral, but, curiously enough, the sale of the morning papers was hardly up to the average, and there are many grumbles among the bookstall clerks and the newsagents that hundreds of newspapers for that date are still on their hands. One clerk of my acquaintance has seventy copies over of one daily paper which is not returnable. The sales of the monthly magazines have also suffered very considerably from the largely increased demand for the illustrated weeklies.

Major Martin A. S. Hume's volume on the Spanish people, which is to form the first of a "Great People" Series, will appear in a few weeks. Professor York Powell is responsible for the Editorship of this series, and is also preparing an outline history of the reign of Victoria, which Messrs. Constable will publish immediately.

One of the most interesting volumes of reminiscences of the autumn will certainly be Mr. Max O'Rell's series of Autobiographical Sketches, which will contain the reminiscences of his life as a schoolboy, as a French officer, as a prisoner-of-war, a journalist, a Public School master, an author, and the globe-trotting lecturer.

I see it is stated in several quarters that Lady Randolph Churchill (Mrs. George Cornwallis-West) is now publishing the *Anglo-Saxon Review* herself. This is, I understand, not quite correct, as the review is being issued at present from the offices of Mr. John Macqueen, who is, I hear, responsible for its publication.

I learn that there has been some kind of hitch in the arrangements for the staging of the dramatised version of "Red Pottage." It appears that objection has been taken to the central figure of the play, who, it will be remembered, turns out a coward, and, therefore, hardly offers an attractive "star" part.

As a sequel to Mr. Richard Marsh's protest against the republication of one of his old stories as a new work, the following announcement, which is being spread broadcast through America, and inserted as an advertisement in many literary papers, will be read with interest—

"Maurice Thompson has taken to novel-writing with a vengeance," observes a New York newspaper, apropos of the announcements of three publishers, two in New York and one in Philadelphia, that they are about to publish "new" novels from Mr. Thompson's pen. Mr. Thompson is not writing novels with a vengeance. He has been ill nearly all the time since the appearance of "Alice of Old Vincennes," and has completed nothing for publication since that romance was finished. The "new" novels announced were written by Mr. Thompson and published so many years ago that they have been forgotten. To dig them up because he has made a success of "Alice of Old Vincennes" is a fraud on the public, by whomsoever perpetrated.

o. o.

NOTES AT THE ANTWERP CARNIVAL.

THE Fates have treated the Antwerp Carnival very badly indeed. One by one its ancient privileges have been curtailed, till, almost shorn of all its former glories, it presents comparatively little else but the finest opportunity of the year for staying out late. The poverty of the city has killed the ancient procession, but it has not been able to kill the joyousness of the people, nor is even such a trifling as adverse weather allowed to make any difference. In spite of the slushy snow, the confetti flew as usual, and got into our eyes and down our necks even as in former times; the costumes were as grotesque as ever, and the merriment died out only at dawn, to begin again soon after breakfast. The average Briton with the necessary propensity can enjoy getting gloriously intoxicated without specially dressing for the part, but the Flem is not like that.

Arriving in Antwerp at breakfast-time, we were more than a little shocked to see a "real lidy" lingering around the hotel which we usually patronise, and clinging in a very limp and helpless attitude to the bars of a window. Her bonnet, lacking hat-pins, tumbled about with the maudlin sway of her head, and was kept on only by a scrap of dirty lace-curtain, which, swathed round the face, formed a very *recherché* veil indeed. The skirts, too, were muddy, as if her overnight light-heartedness had caused her to trifle with the gutter. Feebly clinging to the window for support, overcome with evident fatigue, her fingers relaxed, and she slowly slipped to the ground, only to recover with a violent effort and to fall away again. Finally, unable to combat the fatigue, she sat down in two inches of snow-slush, and then a coquettish upturning of her skirt revealed several inches of cord trousers and the knowledge that the "real lidy" was a dock-labourer who had been imbibing the spirit of carnival not wisely. Round every corner we came upon such flotsam left over from the previous night's merry-making, some recouping their tired energies for the coming evening's amusement by courting blessed slumber on the kerbstone, and others, as yet unsuccumbed, dancing amid the soupy snow and gurgling out songs beneath their masks. The favourite pleasantries of this class of Carnivaller is to get a broomstick, and, by a string at one end, suspend a piece of plum-bread or a sausage, and, with this tasty morsel, hold it above the heads of a crowd of urchins, who snap at it with open mouths and endeavour to take hold by the teeth without the aid of the hands. Each successful bite is rewarded by a small coin, but the anglers don't have to pay out very often, for the bait is either of such huge proportions that small mouths can't get hold, or it is of such untempting material (perhaps a pig's ear or tail, or an ancient red-herring left over from the last Carnival) that even the juvenile sporting instinct and the greed of centimes is overcome.

After an afternoon of confetti-throwing on the Place de Meir, the multicoloured stuff lay ankle-deep on the ground. And what a mad, rollicking sight it was when at its height! One with the most ultra-British dignity could not long remain serious. At first, we looked at the seething, motley-dressed crowd showering the coloured-paper rain on each other with a sort of superior contempt; then we smiled indulgently, and the next stage was that we were laying in a pair of big noses and two large bags of confetti ourselves. The shops all lay in a huge stock of confetti, serpentines, streamers, masks, grotesques, and noise-making instruments of every sort. No one who has a five-cent piece is out of the fun. It is curious to see solemn old gentlemen and dear, white-haired old ladies trotting out, each with their huge bag of confetti. One very popular variety was of a deep-red colour, and named by an enterprising gutter-merchant "Confetti van Transvaal." Some English students, observing the sign, kindly diluted his stock with a few handfuls of another colour. Up above, the air was alive with coloured spirals, which shot hither and thither, lodging on the balconies above and hanging down like tangles of ribbons. The appearance of a silk-hat in the crowd is the signal for the unfortunate article to be made the target of every missile within reach. Alas for the confetti! It is said that this is the last occasion when it will be permitted, on account of its danger; for they are not content with throwing it, they must needs rub it in. The poisonous colour in the paper and a scratch on the skin are enough to set up blood-poisoning, from which misadventure more than one death has resulted.

At night, three out of four persons one meets are in some grotesque or fancy dress. In the early evening the fun quietens a little, and then, towards midnight, bursts out again with tenfold energy at one of the many popular balls—the Rubens, the Scala, El Dorado, Harmonie, and lesser fry—where the diversions are about as wild as Montmartre in its palmy days.

Perhaps the student element frequents the Rubens more than any other ball, and the art-student of Antwerp is a distinct figure in the city. Where an art-education second to none can be obtained free at the State-supported Academy, simply upon the student signifying his desire to study, it is not surprising that art-students from all nations congregate there. If a student shows particular promise, a studio is provided free for him, together with any models he may want. As for the cost of living in Antwerp, it need not exceed a pound a-week for a student.

The Belgian Government seek to find another Rubens. If they discover one master out of a thousand students, they will be satisfied. In addition to the free art-education which the Academy offers, every year a studentship worth eight hundred pounds is offered—one year to painters, another year to architects, and the next to sculptors, and thus in rotation. They have not yet found a master, but they deserve to.

S. B.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SIR HUBERT PARRY,

Principal of the Royal College of Music, has been seriously indisposed, I regret to hear. He will, in consequence, spend a few weeks abroad. Every Professor and student will heartily wish for his speedy recovery.

MADAME PATTI

had an amusing little adventure in the neighbourhood of her Welsh Castle the other day. The prima donna is almost idolised by the children of a farmer living near Craig-y-Nos. Calling one day at the farmhouse, and finding the farmer's wife in a domestic difficulty, Madame Patti said, "Let me take the baby." Soon the little one was fascinated by an enchanting voice, for the Queen of Song sang a pretty lullaby, and baby went to sleep. But others had listened, and, when the great vocalist handed back the sleeping child, she was surprised to see the servants, the farm-labourers, and several neighbours standing at the door or peeping through the window. "Won't you sing something more, Madame?" asked the farmer's wife. "I must get home now," said the prima donna. "That little song was especially for baby, and you see the result. Baby has gone to sleep while listening to it."

M. THÉOPHILE YSAYE.

Few musical amateurs knew that the great violinist, M. Ysaye, had a very talented brother, Théophile Ysaye. He had played in London, but, as it was in the height of a busy Season, his ability was not fully recognised. On Feb. 23, M. Théophile Ysaye appeared at the Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, and proved himself a musician of great capacity. His style is French, his training also. He played pieces of his own composition, one of them a graceful Nocturne, which displayed to advantage his great command of the keyboard. He also took part in a pianoforte quartet by the late César Franck, a musician whose early death prevented the full development of his genius.

M. YSAYE, THE ACCOMPLISHED VIOLINIST,

again made an extraordinary impression by his fine tone and brilliant execution in a work of de Beriot, one of the greatest masters of the violin. He married the celebrated prima donna Malibran, one of the finest vocalists in the world. On Feb. 23, M. Ysaye played works by the Russian composer, Borodine, and the French musician, Vincent d'Indy. As Dr. Joachim will probably not appear often in London in future, the popularity of M. Ysaye is increasing by leaps and bounds.

SIGNOR BUSONI, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN PIANIST,

gave a notable recital at Queen's Hall, his wonderful technical skill, combined with a fine, broad style, evoking great enthusiasm. Indeed, no pianist this season has met with more success than Signor Busoni, who is equally at home in classical works or the romantic compositions of the modern school. His performance of enormously difficult studies by Liszt, and the same composer's fantastic "Mazeppa" and "Hungarian Rhapsodies," displayed a command of the pianoforte such as no living player could have surpassed.

MISS BEATRICE SPENCER,

a most promising young vocalist, gave a successful concert at Steinway Hall on Feb. 26. The young lady has a light soprano voice of charming quality, her command of vocal art being far above the average. Her rendering of "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," was an admirable example of singing. Her versatility was shown in songs by Searlatti, Mozart, and the Russian composer Alabieff. These were given in Italian, French, and German. Other songs in these languages and in English gained for Miss Spencer the admiration of critical auditors and the enthusiastic applause of the entire audience. Some famous artists took part in the concert. Mr. Alfred Gibson and Miss Fanny Davies played a sonata of Bach for violin and pianoforte. Miss Fanny Davies also joined Miss Alice Dessauer in Schumann's Andante and variations for two pianofortes.

MR. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR'S SETTING OF LONGFELLOW'S "HIAWATHA" was performed at the Albert Hall on Feb. 26 with great success. This young composer, formerly a student at the Royal College, has gained his

reputation chiefly by this picturesque and remarkable work. The solo performers were Mr. Ben Davies, our most dulcet tenor, Mr. Andrew Black, baritone, and Madame Ella Russell, soprano. The artists exerted themselves with splendid results, and Mr. Coleridge-Taylor was called forward to receive a most enthusiastic greeting. The choral portions were well rendered by members of the Royal Choral Society, Sir Frederick Bridge conducting with his customary skill and effect. "Hiawatha" has become quite a popular work, the setting of Longfellow's poem being a masterly composition.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE COMEDY.

Mr. Benson's production of the delightful pastoral comedy clashed with the revival of Mr. Pinero's gloomy play; it need hardly be said which was the more pleasurable piece. Of course, most playgoers are acquainted with the Benson presentation of this the favourite Shaksperian comedy, and are aware that, if not quite exhibiting the principals at their best, it is, as an all-round performance, of remarkable excellence. It is not to be imagined that Mrs. Benson, even if a little too extreme in her treatment, is not a charming Rosalind, and that the Orlando of Mr. Benson is not a sound, well-thought-out piece of acting. As

a rule, one has thin Touchstones, and Mr. Weir's admirable, genial, full-bodied work as the clown is a welcome change. The Jaques of Mr. Lyall Swete is assuredly one of the best incarnations of the melancholy philosopher ever seen. Mr. Asche, the wrestler in a prodigious bout with Mr. Benson—the most genuine-looking presentation of the scene I can remember; Mr. Arthur Whitby, the Duke; Mr. Brydone, the rather tedious Old Adam; and Messrs. Nicholson and Clarence—all were of real service in the charmingly mounted revival of the immortal comedy.

"THE FORTUNE TELLER."

The plot of "The Fortune Teller," the musical piece by Harry B. Smith, with music by Victor Herbert, to be produced by Mr. George Musgrove, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, about April 20, may not be new, but it is full of interest and intrigue. It is in three acts, each scene being in Buda-Pesth, there being ten principal and twenty-six minor characters. The production will be on the elaborate scale that signalled "The Belle of New York," the dresses being specially designed by Alias, and the scenery by Ryan, while the whole of the company hail from America. One of the principal parts will be played by Miss Alice Nielsen.

"THE DESPATCH-BEARER."

Mr. Frank Stayton, author of "The Despatch-Bearer," presented at the Richmond Theatre, does not worry himself or his audience with psychological subtleties, but relies on ingenuity, plot, and vigour of incident for success in his story

concerning a King's Messenger who passes many perils ere succeeding in his mission. A capital company was engaged, including Mr. Yorke Stephens, who, of course, was well chosen to represent the dashing hero; Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, charming as his sweetheart; and Miss Leyton, amusing as a pert American. The author, with some humour, presented the part of a British Consul in a Chinese town—the kind of Consul whose existence explains the decay of English trade.

ADA REHAN AS NELL Gwynne.

The history of plays, like that of individuals, is often full of vicissitudes. Take, for example, the case of one of the principal Nell Gwynne plays lately seen in London, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" to wit. Some six years ago this play was written by the American playwright, Paul Kester, and produced in the United States. At the time it attracted little or no attention. While Miss Julia Neilson and her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, were in America, however, this play attracted their attention, and they secured it for their own use for the English market. After holding it for some years, they produced it almost simultaneously with another Nell Gwynne play, namely, "English Nell," which had in the meantime been secured for Miss Marie Tempest.

Owing to the success of these Restoration dramas, Nell Gwynne plays began to crop up all over England and America. In the last-named go-ahead country there are at the moment of writing at least fifteen Nell Gwynne plays on the road. Strangely enough, Mr. Kester's play since its English success has attracted considerable attention from American playgoers. This, of course, is only what it deserved, as



MISS ALICE NIELSEN, AN AMERICAN COMIC-OPERA STAR WHO WILL APPEAR IN "THE FORTUNE TELLER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

it is a very strong piece, and it undoubtedly was partly responsible for starting the new Nell Gwynne play boom. The fact of the success of Mr. Kester's drama in London, together with the equally pleasant fact that the character of Nell is being played in and around New York by that great comédienne, Ada Rehan, has caused the piece to assume a glory which it never achieved before in the eye of American audiences. As a matter of fact, the native critics have of late given forth the fullest details of this play, which was known to them so many years before. Despite rather marked severity on the part of some of the aforesaid critics concerning Miss Rehan (who is always delightful in more serious characters), that actress has achieved a pronounced success in the character of the saucy but always good-hearted Nell.

In presenting to *Sketch* readers sundry pictures of Miss Rehan in this character, I feel sure that I may say with perfect safety that London playgoers would only be too glad to see Miss Rehan come to London and pit herself against Miss Julia Neilson, who has made, and is still making, at the Globe, a great success in this character.

It may be pointed out that what might be called the Marie Tempest version of the prevalent Nell Gwynne Drama, "English Nell," is now being played at the Grand Theatre, Islington, where it has started a provincial tour. The name-part is being merrily enacted by the always merry little Miss Kitty Loftus; the character of Charles the Second has a very powerful and artistic representative in Mr. Charles Cartwright, the "producer" of "English Nell" for Mr. Frank Curzon at the Prince of Wales's.

Rather startling news has just reached me from America. It is this, that, in consequence of the widely spread boom in plays having such somewhat "shady" ladies as Nell Gwynne for their heroines, an arrangement is being made to exploit at least some five or six plays which shall have for heroine the not *too* spotless if over-sentimental damsel, Manon Lescaut. When will this new boom in "soiled" heroines cease?

Speaking of American actresses, some proof of their great financial prosperity may be gleaned from the fact that Miss Maude Adams, the said to be wonderful young actress whose appearance in London has been so often threatened—and has never yet come to pass—has just arranged to build for herself a special railway station near her own country home at Holbrook, New York. Next, please!

A NEW MELODRAMA.

One of the most promising new melodramas seen in the suburbs for some time past is "Old Scores," a Cornish play written by Mr. Alfred Robbins and Paul Morris, and produced on Feb. 25 at the Métropole, Camberwell, by the manager thereof, Mr. J. B. Mulholland, who is concerned in sending the play on tour. "Old Scores" is to be chiefly commended in that all its most sensational incidents are evolved naturally, even in the case of the striking-down one of the villain characters by a thunderbolt during a most terrible storm, which breaks over a highly picturesque spot entitled "The Druid's Grove." Moreover, the play abounds with most effective bits of domestic humour and pathos, some of the latter portions being touching in the extreme. A capable company has been engaged, who interpreted the play, and when it is carefully cut and re-arranged so as to avoid one or two anti-climaxes, "Old Scores" should become a very successful touring melodrama.

THE STAGE SOCIETY.

One of the strangest experiments lately seen in connection with the English stage was the recent production by the Stage Society of a Greek drama written in English by Professor Gilbert Murray, who, in connection with the drama, will be remembered by many as having written for Mrs. Patrick Campbell that extraordinary and very short-lived toxicological drama entitled "Carlyon Sahib." The Greek play in question was entitled "Andromache," and, of course, as far as its dialogue was concerned, was written well, as might be expected from a writer of Professor Murray's literary skill.

MR. FRED WALTON AS ALLEE LITEE IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE LYCEUM, SHEFFIELD.

Photo by Barrett, Manchester.

Inasmuch, however, as he did not seem to have been sure whether to make his drama an ancient Greek tragedy or a modern "problem play," the result was somewhat eccentric. Thus the sentiments expressed often seemed as though they had strayed out of one or other of the "another woman" kind of dramas by Mr. Pinero or by Mr. Grundy, especially the latter. The play gained little or nothing by its interpretation, for,

except for the intensity of Mr. Gerald Lawrence as Orestes, and occasionally pathetic Miss Edith Olive as Andromache, the players were often not only colourless, but sometimes indistinct. It may interest those who "enthuse" about such matters to know that the Stage Society's next production will be "The Lady of the Sea," as written by Henrik Ibsen, who was lately down with influenza, but is, I am glad to learn, quite recovered.

MR. J. L. TOOLE.

The numerous friends of Mr. J. L. Toole will learn with no small degree of pleasure that the old and popular comedian, though but a ghost of his former self, is now enjoying a fair measure of health. He is in residence at the Ship Hotel, Brighton, and, though he is unable to converse as fluently with his intimates as was his wont, he follows all public events with unabated interest, and is able to spend pleasant evenings with friends in the theatrical profession, several of whom are generally his guests at the Ship. The veteran actor received a particularly warm

greeting the other evening at a local music-hall. While possessing the "love, obedience, and troops of friends" that Shakspere assigns for honoured old age, it is, at the same time, a pathetic circumstance that, as far as relatives are concerned, Mr. J. L. Toole is alone in the world, his bereavement within a comparatively brief interval of son, wife, and daughter accounting for his early retirement from the stage.

TERRY'S THEATRE,

from which that clever extravaganza, "The Thirty Thieves," was lately withdrawn, after a shorter run than it deserved, will, I learn, in all probability ere long be re-opened with the recently tested "faithful translation" by Mr. J. T. Grein and Miss Marie Leonard of Pailleron's masterpiece, "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie." That cultured playwright, Mr. Herman Merivale, has lately prepared a thoroughly Anglicised version of "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie." The producing-place of this, however, does not appear to have yet been settled.

To-morrow (Thursday) afternoon, Mrs. Clement Scott's grand matinée in aid of the National Orthopaedic Hospital will be given at the Lyceum. There will be a most varied programme, contributed to by all the leading theatrical, musical, and variety artists in London.

Among the most novel of the many and varied impersonations essayed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree will be that of the long-wandering and much-persecuted pilgrim-warrior Ulysses. He will represent this difficult and, of course, much-disguising character in a new Homeric kind of tragedy by the poet Stephen Phillips. The *mise-en-scène* is, I gather, to be very wonderful.

THE FIRST WHISPER.

Forsaken and grim by the shivering moor,
In a tatter of bracken and heather,
A mist wreath had crept to the foot of the tor
And was wrapping the rocks in its tether.
Not a chirrup was heard, but a sad little bird
Was preening a wind-riven feather.
A whisper—a tingling thrill seemed to pass,
Tumultuous rapture instilling,
A promise of daisies and emerald grass,
Love and laughter, and nightingales trilling—
Then the magical whisper swept onwards, alas!
But my pulses were leaping and thrilling.

The cloud drifted down on the mist-sodden slope:
The tor like a ghost glimmered through it;
But I held in my heart a new treasure of hope,
And no comfortless gloom could undo it.
For the linnet and I heard the signal go by—
"Twas the whisper of Spring, and we knew it.

JESSIE POPE.



MISS MILLY LINDON, COUSIN OF LETTY LIND.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MR. FRED WALTON AS ALLEE LITEE IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE LYCEUM, SHEFFIELD.

Photo by Barrett, Manchester.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Weather—The Small Maker—New Tyres—Motor Appliances on Bicycles—Rim and Hub Brakes.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 6, 6.46; Thursday, 6.47; Friday, 6.49; Saturday, 6.51; Sunday, 6.53; Monday, 6.55; Tuesday, 6.56.

Like a good many other folk who have little to say, I find the weather a convenient topic. Good weather, indeed, is more a necessity to the cyclist than probably to anybody else. On this page I have, more than once, sung the praises of what is colloquially, but not picturesquely, described as "mud-plugging." There is savage satisfaction attained in driving one's wheel through slush, and, although one may come home besmirched and disreputable, one has pleasure of heart that one has been more courageous than others. I have known a time—not very long ago, either—when I could have burst into blank verse respecting the charms of winter-riding. A change, however, has come over me. I candidly confess my only inclination is to break into blank words. The roads in the country are not so bad, but there is the trial of getting to them. The suburban roads are the Gehenna of the cyclist. They are greasy, and vilely, execrably—and as many other adverbs as you like to add—bad. If someone would only introduce an appliance so that wings might be attached to the ordinary wheel, and we could flutter from our suburban villas to the real country, I would devote this entire page to giving the inventor a free advertisement.

The cyclist, man or woman, whose interest in wheeling is limited to having a fairly decent mount on which to go for a Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning dawdle when the weather is fine cannot do better than be the owner of a machine made by one of the half-dozen leading manufacturers. But to those who take as keen an interest in everything relating to cycling as a horseman usually does in all matters dealing with horses, there is something to be said in favour of the small maker. The average cyclist rides a machine of the same pattern as fifty thousand other machines, ignoring the fact that he may have a physical peculiarity requiring a special machine to be built. Many folk ride ready-made wheels much as others wear ready-made clothes. But, if you are going to have things suitable to all your cycling requirements, you should have a machine built for you. The big manufacturers, I know, express their willingness to so adapt their machines as to suit the likings or fads of individual riders. In one or two cases, however, that have come under my notice such bicycles have not been entirely satisfactory. The cyclist has not been quite explicit in his specification, and the manufacturer has not understood his exact requirements; and then, when the machine reaches home, there is an interchange of letters, fiery and indignant on the one side and provokingly cold and business-like on the other. This is where the small maker comes in. Some of the best machines I have seen have come from the workshops of unknown makers. The man is probably an expert

workman, and the purchaser is able to drop into the workshop while the wheel is being built, to see that everything is done in accordance with his wishes.

If the weather would only clear up, the butterfly cyclists, who form the larger proportion of the fraternity, would remove the winter coverings from their wheels and come out into the sunshine. This is the time when folk think of having new tyres. Just a hint, therefore, on this point. The season is very young, and as business is business, in the cycle trade as in everything else, the dealer may want to sell you tyres of last year's make. I don't say they would be bad, because that would be nonsense; but rubber is a perishable substance and deteriorates rapidly. Therefore, in buying tyres, you should get them as fresh from the factory as possible. There are plenty of this year's tyres on the market, and "when you ask for them, see that you get them."

A correspondent writes asking me whether there is to be purchased anywhere a motor appliance which can be attached to an ordinary bicycle. There is, but I don't recommend it. Motor-bicycles are undoubtedly the wheels of the future, but, although the motor appliance placed on the market is advertised as suitable to be applied to the ordinary bicycle, and is ingenious, the ordinary machine is not strong enough to bear the strain that must, of necessity, be put upon it. The pedal-driven wheel is built for pedalling, and to use a mechanical appliance as a driving power means courting an accident. If you want a motor-bicycle, it is best to get one specially built. There are one or two motor-bicycles extensively advertised, but I know nothing, however, as to their qualifications, because the manufacturers seem rather loth to let them be tried experimentally by riders who have an opportunity of expressing their opinion in the Press.

There is no denying the fact that the enthusiasm of, say, a year ago in favour of rim-brakes is just a little on the wane. I admit myself that I am not so keen about them as I was. Compared with the old spoon-brake, they are,

of course, perfection. But it is rapidly being admitted on all hands that the very strength of a rim-brake is often the source of mischief. With the sudden applying of a vigorous rim-brake a tremendous strain is put on the spokes. This, of course, is more the fault of the rider than of the brake. Still, such brakes often tear off the plating at the point of contact, exposing the metal to the damp and causing rust. A few months ago there was talk of a strip of aluminium being attached to the rim in the path of the brake. This saved the tearing of the plating and avoided rust. On the face of it, the idea seemed splendid, but nothing more has been heard of it since. On my Beeston-Humber I have a rim-brake on the front wheel, and a back-pedalling band-brake on the rear wheel. At present, in my opinion, this is the best combination, although I think the rim-brake should be the more generally used, because of the liability of the band to fire. The friction is limited in the back-pedalling brake to a very small surface, and, if one is travelling at any speed, it heats sufficiently to scorch one's fingers.

J. F. F.



MR. GEORGE ROBEY (A GRADUATE OF TIVOLI HALL) AT HOME.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Cavendish Square, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The King's Horses. It is rumoured that His Majesty the King may now give up the running of his racehorses. I pay no attention to this, however. His Majesty is and always has been a good sportsman. He takes the liveliest interest in the breeding of good racehorses, and there is no reason in the world to prevent these from running in the Royal colours—that is, after the period of Royal mourning has passed. I sincerely hope King Edward VII. will continue to give to the Turf his patronage as an owner. He possesses some good two-year-olds, and, according to all accounts, the yearlings at Sandringham are an exceptionally good lot. King William IV., King George IV., King George III., King Charles II., and Queen Anne were all good patrons of the Turf; then why not King Edward VII.? As I have stated many times before, His Majesty's smart colt, Lord Quex, has a chance second to none of winning the Derby this year, for, if my information is not at fault, it would not require a three-year-old to be anything out of the common to score at Epsom this time, although I believe the owner of *Holocauste* thinks he can avenge Waterloo.

Royalty at Race-Meetings. Clerks of Courses are very much disappointed at hearing that no members of the Royal Family are likely to visit a racecourse this year. It will make a big difference to the takings at some of the suburban meetings, and, with so many officers still away, the prospects of future Club enclosures are by no means rosy. I am told that the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at a meeting like Sandown meant an addition of quite a thousand pounds per day to the takings, and this is a big consideration when heavy annual expenses have to be met and big dividends have to be earned. The Prince of Wales was always a big attraction at Epsom, Ascot, Kempton, Goodwood, and especially Newmarket. If the Prince of Wales stayed at the Jockey Club Rooms for any meeting held at the headquarters of the Turf, it meant the attraction of large house-parties to the town and the distribution of many thousands of pounds among the local tradespeople. In fact, nowhere else was the absence of Royalty so much felt, and things are not likely to hum again at Newmarket until His Majesty graces the racecourse with his august presence.

Racecourse Traffic. Having clamoured for reform in all directions for years, I am more than pleased to be able to state that the London and South-Western Railway are determined to improve their services to the race-meetings held on their system. Trains for first-class passengers to Sandown direct will for the future be put on for all meetings to be held at Esher. Trains will also leave Clapham Junction at stated times for the convenience of passengers from that district, the Brighton Company's system, Kensington line, and the District Company, *via* Wimbledon. In addition to the foregoing facilities, Mr. Sam Fay, the Traffic Superintendent, is about to make arrangements for the transit of horses from the Wiltshire and Hants stables, also passengers by running a special train from Salisbury about 10.20 a.m., which will serve Downton, Brateley, Swindon, Cheltenham, Winchester, and other centres, also from Reading with horses from the Great Western Company's system. This is as it should be—I had almost written, as it should have been. I still, however, stick to my guns in the matter of the business people. I think at all times pleasure-trains should be made to give way to business-trains, and no race-traffic should be allowed to interfere with the City man getting to and from his work.

The Spring Handicaps. I cannot make up my mind over the Lincolnshire Handicap. Rumours are thick as blackberries in autumn, and it is impossible for one to sift the wheat from the chaff. Laffan is, it is rumoured, being backed all over the country, while another report says the horse will not run, and that

the stable will rely on Arsenal, who, by-the-bye, is not badly treated. Again, Little Eva is being put about as a real good thing, but the thoughtful man is not likely to overlook the fact that General Peace is in the race. Nightshade, who will be ridden by J. Reiff, is said to be Tod Sloan's tip for the race. Forfarshire is doing consistently good work, and the same may be said of Marconi. I shall continue to urge the chance possessed by Harrow and Misunderstood, but I may have to look elsewhere when owners' commissions come to be executed. The Grand National will not take much winning this year, as they are a very bad lot of horses engaged. Hidden Mystery, with Dollery in the saddle, would be at a short price, but it is said Mr. Brassey rides. I think the race is very likely to be won by Pawnbroker.

Faces. The bicycle-face is well known. The "scorcher" shows by his half-closed eyes and his knitted brows that he has been through big ordeals. The racing-face is just as apparent in some men. You observe the half-closed eyes, the knitted brows, and the crow's-feet here, there, and everywhere. This, by-the-bye, applies only to the man who is all the time peering through his race-glasses. But worse than all is the face of the professional steeplechase-jockey. True, one or two of them are good-looking men, but the majority are really ugly, and their faces plainly show the ordeal they go through when trying to get a moderate jumper over a stiff steeplechase country. Some of them, too, are scarred or otherwise disfigured, while the pug-noses of the Irish contingent are not pretty by any means. Many of the bookmakers are handsome men, and would pass in any decent company if they could be induced to keep their mouths closed. Their voices, however, are grating in the extreme, and it is not wonderful to be told by novices that they suffer from terrible headaches after their first visit to Tattersall's Ring. The racecourse-voice is, in fact, more dangerous than the racecourse-face.



FINISH OF THE TORPIDS LAST WEEK AT OXFORD: NEW COLLEGE, HEAD BOAT.

The following are the names and weights: P. K. Glazebrook, 10 st. 9 lb. (bow); J. Venning, 11 st. 1 lb. (2); H. A. Philpot, 11 st. 2 lb. (3); V. J. Gadban, 11 st. 7 lb. (4); D. W. Pollock, 11 st. 8 lb. (5); K. O. Hunter, 12 st. 6 lb. (6); Viscount Tiverton, 11 st. 9 lb. (7); R. B. Henderson, 11 st. 4 lb. (stroke); L. P. Penny, 8 st. (cox.).

than £100. I do not see how this is to help matters, as the best sport is often seen at the little Hunt meetings, and many of the biggest fields go for the smallest stakes. I have seen it suggested that there should be a close time for two months during every winter. There would be no necessity for this if good patrons were attracted to the sport, and this could be done only by strengthening the ruling body. I am fully convinced that steeplechasing would flourish equally with flat-racing if it were governed by the Jockey Club, and I do not see why the Club could not be induced to elect a Committee among its members to look after the government of the winter pastime. If this were done, many a big owner of flat-racers who now fights shy of steeplechasing would patronise the pastime, and we should see bigger fields and better horses competing over the sticks. Could not some member of the Jockey Club be induced to put this proposal into practical shape? It would save steeplechasing.

CAPTAIN COE.

Everyone knows that the Royal pastime of golf, to which he has recently added an avidity for motor-riding, is one of the out-of-door hobbies of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Not many are aware, however, that the First Lord of the Treasury is an ardent lover of music, and that much of his leisure time is spent in company with the great masters of that art or with the works of the philosophic writers towards whom the bent of his literary tastes leans. Mr. Balfour plays the piano extremely well, and is fond of all classical and grand-opera music; he is a member of the Handel Society, seldom missing any of its meetings; and, as a student of the theory of music, he never misses a chance, when at all practicable, of attending in London the concerts of classical music.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

TO wear and what not to wear has been a comparatively easily answered question for the past six weeks. But, now that the Earl Marshal's ukase admits of second mourning, a flood of conjecture has been let loose on me in the shape of correspondents' inquiries as to the what, how, when, and where of complimentary *demi-deuil*. These ingenuous interrogations may be briefly replied to by



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A FASHIONABLE WALKING-COSTUME.

saying that black-and-white is *the* conventional expression of second mourning, and in judicious juxtaposition no duet of colouring is or can be more *chic* and becoming; greys of certain tones are also admissible, but these do not include the blue-grey or rock-pigeon variety, only the greys which are obtainable from original elements of black and white being really mourning. Mauves and lavenders are also in the true bill, and, of course, a large liberty is taken in the matter of heliotropes, petunias, purples, lilacs, and all other cadences of these delicious colours. All the foregoing may be rendered into mourning by the appropriate application of a little black—just a touch or two here and there. But equally so they may be rendered to escape all semblance of funereal garments, and it will largely lie with the discretion of ourselves and our dressmakers as to whether our dove-coloured cashmeres or orchid-toned voiles of this and next month will partake of remembrance or not for one whose life and example will live when many that have followed her will be forgotten. Some of the new materials are already being exploited in the shop-windows, which have burst out into colour with distinctly decorative effect: Nevertheless, I shall regret the vanishing of this universal black, for never have pretty girls looked so pretty, while even the "plainer sorts," to borrow the uncompromising language of a critical bachelor friend, "gain unaccountably in style and finish, don't you know!" Lunching at Prince's, two days ago, I was struck afresh by

the number of pretty women who in their ordinary motley never reach such heights of comeliness.

Meanwhile, returning to the new devices of spring from the sartorial aspect, I find that self-coloured silks are being shown with grouped tucks and variously arranged cordings which completely cover the silk and give a highly decorative effect. They will be found invaluable for blouses or bodices, as the plain silk can be matched for skirts, while bands, rouleaux, or applications of the tucked material will give a greatly enhanced value to the skirt. In modes of making-up, I find that little basques and pointed bodices at last give signs of ousting the bolero which has so long queenied it on our persons, while perforated net, lace, and other gauzy materials are lavishly used, run through with tiny ribbons or velvet, which are threaded in and out, to form edges, outlines, scrolls, and various designs. On many of these laces, washable steel and silver threads are interwoven, which add greatly to the ornamental *entourage* of vest, collar, or jabot.

All changes for the better come, as the philosopher knows, but slowly. It is the converse of the picture that shows quick motion. Be that as it may, humanitarians will welcome the advent of a horse-ambulance in our London streets, where, amongst the thousands of willing, patient animals that act as our hewers of wood and drawers of water, some dozens of these poor helots daily come to grief in the



[Copyright.]

A NEAT DRESS IN GREY CLOTH À LA MODE.

streets, and are often left lying in agony for hours before the tardy order comes for their removal.

To give a strong and suitable send-off to this infinitely charitable charity, a Grand Afternoon Concert is to be held at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, March 13. The list of artists includes most of the "stars" in our musical firmament; but did it only muster a dozen Jew's-harps and toy fiddles, every lover of horses would surely vindicate his devotion by coming to the front like a man (in which category I

naturally include women!). Mr. Arthur Coke, the indefatigable and unfailingly courteous organiser of a dozen other good causes, is responsible for this work. Applications for tickets, at 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., or 2s. 6d., may be sent him at 164, Buckingham Palace Road, and it is to be hoped that a strong muster of English men and women will answer this call, which must strongly appeal to the best instincts of our sporting as well as humane nature.

March did not sustain a classic reputation by coming in with boisterous breezes this year, but we have not done with this month of obstreperous north-easters yet—the wind which, of all others, plays havoc with the milk-and-roses of a demoiselle's complexion. A certain remedy against all the ills that can befall our cuticle from these boisterous causes is to be found in the use of "Icilma," which is a natural mineral-water of miraculous virtue in healing abrasions, scars, chapped hands, roughened cheeks, or, in fact, any ills which the wild weather fiend is capable of inflicting.

"Icilma," which is retailed at one shilling a bottle, will be found an invaluable accompaniment of toilet table accessories, and the soap of the same name is equally efficacious in ensuring white, smooth hands. "Icilma" is a colourless fluid, which, when applied, should be allowed to dry on the skin.

Amongst many souvenirs of our late revered Queen which have been brought out for exploitation during the past few weeks, I have had laid before my notice some cigarette- and match-boxes with a small silver coin inserted in the metal—I think a threepenny-piece. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street and Cheapside, have introduced these articles, which will doubtless appeal to the loyal section of cigarette-smokers.

SYBIL.

MARRIAGE OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S SISTER.

THE beautiful old Church of Kedleston, near Derby, was on Thursday, the 28th ult., the scene of the wedding of the Hon. Geraline Emily Curzon—fifth daughter of the Rev. Lord Scarsdale (who is the Rector of Kedleston), and sister of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy of India—and Mr. William Tower Townshend, of Myross Wood and Derry, County Cork. The bride and her sisters are very popular at Kedleston, so many willing hands helped to decorate the church with white flowers and ferns for the happy event, and very pretty it looked when finished. The Lord Bishop of Derby tied the nuptial knot, and was assisted by the Rev. Benjamin Smith, while Lord Scarsdale gave his daughter away, and Mr. Lister Drummond acted as best man.

Five bridesmaids—the Hon. Elinor Curzon (sister), Miss Drury-Lowe (cousin of the bride), Miss Davies, Miss Hilda MacMichael, and Miss Joan Curzon—followed the bride, and wore dresses of white satin flounced with lace, and having bolero bodices of cream lace and chiffon adorned with a *chou* of pink chiffon on one side, and finished off with waistbands of silver gauze. Their hats were of pale-blue straw, trimmed with roses and lace, and they carried bouquets of La France roses, intermixed with lilies-of-the-valley. The bride looked charming in her lovely wedding-robe of white crêpe-de-Chine, draped with beautiful old Carrickmacross lace, and the full Court-train, which was slung from both shoulders, was of the same lace, lined with chiffon. Beneath her lace veil she wore a coronet of natural orange-blossoms, and her ornaments included a pearl necklace and diamond pendant, the gift of her father. Owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family, only a few relations and friends attended the subsequent reception at Kedleston (Lord Scarsdale's seat), and they were received in the magnificent marble hall by the bride and bridegroom; while later in the day the newly married couple left for Hamilton House, Newmarket, placed at their disposal by Sir James and the Hon. Lady Miller (brother-in-law and sister of the bride).

Among the hundreds of beautiful wedding-presents were a diamond and pearl cluster necklace and a diamond half-hoop ring from the bridegroom, a superb diamond pendant and pearl necklace from the Rev. Lord Scarsdale, a victoria from the Viceroy of India and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, a silver salver from Mary, Lady Trevor, a pair of silver candlesticks from Victoria, Lady Carbery, a Queen Anne silver teapot from Sir Wilfrid and Lady Lawson, a cheque from Sir James Miller, and a quantity of jewellery, including a valuable old garnet necklace, from the Hon. Lady Miller.



NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S, OF OXFORD STREET, W., AND CHEAPSIDE.

A CHARMING IRISH WEDDING.

THE marriage of Lady Clodagh Beresford and Mr. Claud Anson was a very pretty and even brilliant function, though nominally of a "quiet" nature. The presence of Lord and Lady Roberts, whose eldest daughter, Lady Edwina, was one of a charming group of bridesmaids, lent additional *éclat* to the scene in St. George's, Hanover Square, as well as to the reception in stately Hampden House.

The bride's lovely wedding-gown was not the least notable of the many beautiful wedding-garments seen during the last few weeks. Lady Clodagh remained faithful to white satin and Brussels lace, an invariably successful bridal combination, but a touch of originality (and colour) was supplied to the costume by the lovely diamond and turquoise buckle which played a part in fastening the folds of exquisite lace into their right place.

Mr. and Lady Clodagh Anson start their married life with a generous supply of pretty and useful things. Among the former, special interest attaches to the quaint jewelled duck-brooch, the wedding-gift of Lord and Lady Roberts.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

The English admirers of Miss Olga Nethersole will learn with much regret that the accomplished actress, who has just returned to this country, is in rather indifferent health. After a considerable time spent in the Highlands of Scotland in the autumn of last year, Miss Nethersole returned to America, but was recently obliged to relinquish her proposed tour through the United States. Miss Nethersole has come to London



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A SMART BLACK COAT-AND-SKIRT.

to consult a specialist, and will probably have to undergo an operation, which she preferred having performed in this country. *The Sketch* desires for the popular actress, as certainly do her numerous Transatlantic and English friends, a speedy return to health and the resumption of her professional duties.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

ON 'CHANGE.

MONEY has been dear, and, but for the general expectation that things in South Africa are shaping towards the end of the War and the improvement in the condition of affairs in China, there would have been trouble.

The surprises of the new Companies Act are beginning, and considerable attention has been paid to the Matabele Gold Reefs case, which practically decides that underwriting cannot be paid for in future by a call of unissued shares at a specified price. Of all the methods by which underwriters could be remunerated, this was probably the least open to objection, and the putting an end to this form of arrangement was never even suggested when the Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons, so that we are face to face with the fact that, within two months of the Act coming into operation, at least one unexpected result has been brought about.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Four per cent. is regarded in the City as a good working-rate for the Bank of England minimum. Three per cent. is very often ineffective; five is much too high. It was hoped, when the Bank Rate fell to 4 per cent. on Feb. 21, that this would mean a general relief to markets all round, those of the Stock Exchange in particular. But it is singular to notice how little effect the reduction has had. On the last contango-days, money was almost as dear as it was a month ago, and the banks went on charging 5 to 5½ per cent., just as though the Old Lady had not lowered her minimum to 4.

The explanation of this phenomenon lies in the fact that money is wanted now almost as badly as it was when the Bank Rate stood at 5 per cent. The Bank of England, though it lost touch with the outside market by maintaining so lofty a rate, managed by its aid to struggle into a much stronger position, after which it recovered its hold upon Lombard Street by bringing its minimum more into line with working levels. It may be said to hold the Money Market in its hand at present, and there is every prospect of its retaining that control for a few weeks longer — until the end of the National financial year, that is. The Government is now receiving taxes not only on incomes, but also on those goods which were rushed out of bond so hurriedly at the prospect of Sir Michael's imposition of heavier burdens upon them in April. Contrariwise, a good deal of the public money goes out during the current month, and there is also a prospect of the financial arrangements of the Carnegie-Morgan combine being a feature of disturbance to Lombard Street. On the whole, at this critical season of the year, it is well that the Bank of England should stand supreme in the Money Market, and, if it only uses its power aright, there is no reason why easier conditions should not prevail when we have turned the end of the quarter.

ARGENTINE RAILS.

Despite the improvement in the prices of Argentine Government Bonds, the tone in the Foreign Railway Market is dull enough to encourage the speculative investor to turn that way in order to look out for cheap stock. The hesitancy arises largely from the speculation over the Central Argentine dividend, as to which no announcement has been made at the time of writing. Moreover, the dispute that waxed hot and strong in the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway camp has naturally had a depressing influence on the market. The scheme for raising more money by a Debenture issue has now been carried, and with its new capital the company should enter upon a fresh phase of opportunity. The Ordinary stock stands at the low price of 62. Rosario Ordinary is a fraction under 70, looking, it may be, a more attractive speculation than Pacifics. Those who must have a gamble, whatever market they enter, should begin to buy Argentine North-Eastern Railway 5 per cent. Debenture Bonds to bearer, quoted about 32. The bonds have good chances of a 10 points rise. The interest is paid at the rate of 3 per cent in Argentine Government Rescission Bonds.

A THROGMORTON STREET RAMBLER.

It was about half-past four in the afternoon, and Throgmorton Street was at its fullest. Crowds of well-dressed, badly dressed, top-hatted, no-hatted men mingled with itinerant vendors of the latest comic toys, newspapers, gutter rags, and puppies. The traveller had an hour to while away, and he lingered, watching the animated, noisy scene with considerable interest. Without knowing it, he stood on the outer fringe of the Street Westralian Market, which perhaps accounted for his overhearing one man say to his friend: "Yes, so I am: utterly sick

of this awful farce of pretending to job in Kangaroos. I shall chuck it and try Kaffirs. What do you think?"

The traveller had a few Lake Views locked up, so he pretended not to be listening as he strained his ears to catch the answer.

"Oh, well, my boy!" the other man was saying; "you must have patience, you know. 'Tisn't likely that the market's going to pull itself together two months after that Globe ghastliness, but in time it will, and—"

"—All very well for *you* to preach patience, Cockie," put in a third. "But we're not rich men, and what we want to know is whether the public will ever buy Westralians again, and how long will it be before we can expect any decent business, say in Perseverance and Ivanhœs and the better kind of things?"

"Perhaps," said the second speaker, somewhat sadly, "I take too optimistic a view of things; but I honestly believe that, with time and patience, the West Australian Market will come out on top again, and, meanwhile, it seems very stupid of people to throw away their shares for what they will fetch. Anyhow, I bought myself a few Lake Views and Boulder Main Reefs the other day to put into the names of my children. You—"

"Mustn't stand on the pavement, gents," interpolated the polite constable, gently motioning the trio along. Our traveller sighed, and turned his attention to a very excited group standing farther down the Street.

"At the three, buy Rand Mines! Buy a thou. so!" screamed the individual in the middle of the crowd.

"Hark at him!" scornfully exclaimed a comfortable-looking broker in a fur-lined coat. "Seems to think that, if he can't get the shares on earth, he'll shout to heaven for them. Rowdy brute!"

"Makes the market look strong, at all events," laughed another member. "Besides, Kaffirs are bound to go better."

"Unless they go worse," remarked the first speaker.

"Oh, but they can't! My dear sir, the War is over—"

"Officially?"

"It's known to officials, anyway," said the other with a smile, nodding to a bill of the *Sun*. "And my clients are all buying Kaffirs—"

"Are you putting them in?" inquired the fur-coated one.

"No, of course I'm not. Only, if they show any disposition to buy Kaffirs, I don't tell them not to, that's all. What makes you think they won't boom?"

"Nothing, beyond the fact that the unexpected frequently occurs; and all you youngsters are so keen on filling yourselves and your clients with Kaffirs that I'm driven to wonder whether you may not be mistaken, after all. It will take no end of a time to put the country and the mines straight."

"Look aht fur yer backs, gennelmen!" cried a sweep, pushing his barrow in front of him. It was remarkable to see how easily that sweep cleared his passage, and, after this, the traveller found himself unconsciously attending to a conference between a broker and his junior.

"Send him a wire," the former was saying, "and give him the closing prices. Then write and say he had better not sell his Kaffirs yet awhile. He's had them all through the War; let him keep 'em a bit longer. If you want me, you know where to send," and he turned towards a handsomely decorated entrance-hall in the Street. The clerk hurried off with his wire.

"Eh, what?" chirped a somewhat squeaky voice behind the traveller. "A free call of a thousand shares at 2? Yes; I think that's fair. The paragraph shall appear to-morrow morning, and in various papers during the next few—"

The handsomely dressed speaker was interrupted by—

"Matches, sir?" crooned an old woman, holding up a box in her withered hand. "It's all I can do to earn an honest penny."

"Another of life's little ironies," soliloquised the traveller, meaning to depart. But he met with a fresh impediment at the western end of the Street. A small boy charged him full in the stomach, fell down, picked himself up, and rushed into a dense throng, yelling, "'Uggins! 'Uggins!'" at the top of his voice.

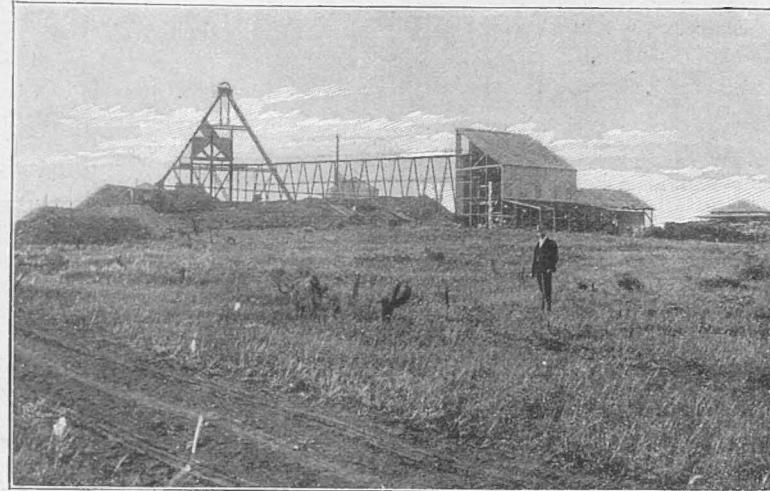
"What on earth is all this?" asked the traveller when he had recovered his breath and equilibrium.

"This is the Yankee Market," was the courteous reply, although the questioner regarded the stranger with curiosity. "They're all jolly good in there, and the arbitrage firms are doing a roaring business. You can tell that by the way these telegraph-boys are cutting about."

"One of them nearly punctured my inner tyre just now," said the traveller ruefully. But he soon grew interested in the scene and began listening to the scraps of conversation that reached his ears.

"Now look here, old fellow," he heard one man say, "you just lay in five hundred Milwaukees for yourself to-night, and to-morrow you'll wake up to find yourself a rich man."

"No fear!" the other jauntily replied; "not for Mo! The Yankees



THE EURO GOLD-MINE, LAVERTON, WEST AUSTRALIA.

Photo by Roy Millar, East Kalgoorlie.

have got the market in their own hands now, as ever, and I shouldn't be surprised to see a sudden slump any day. All the appearances point that way."

"— are the best bear in the place," came another assertion on the wings of the wind. "I sold Unions last week, and mean to run the bear till I see ten dollars a-share profit. My opinion is—"

But the traveller had heard enough opinions for one evening, and edged his way out of the crowd. "It's rather amusing," he said to himself. "Must come again some other night. Hi, Cabby! Hôtel Métropole."

THE KAFFIR BOOMLET.

South Africans have had such an impetus given to them by recent news from "the Front" that prices may fairly be expected to maintain their levels—or, at least, to recede but little—for some time to come. The recent rise has been brought about purely by professional purchases. The British public has had nothing to do with it. Continental operators helped to some degree, and the "Paris houses" of the Stock Exchange report an abundance of buying orders. The Continental specialities have been in best demand, Rand Mines alone excepted. De Beers owe their remarkable rise to the reports as to a coming amalgamation with the Jagersfontein Company, and, should the deal be consummated, there is no reason why the heavier shares should not go to 35.

In our last issue, we pointed out that, in days of good business, the most speculative shares are best to buy. Rand Mines have, so far, had a comparatively small rise, and those who can afford to buy them, and to pay for them if the price should temporarily droop, cannot do better than pin their faith to the market's premier share. Gold Trust, another of our suggestions last week, have had a sharp rise since we wrote, and perhaps it would be advisable to take profits on them. The company's interests in West Africa are multifarious, and out of them the Board have made handsome profits. As a good gamble, we would draw our readers' attention to Johannesburg Goldfields shares, now standing in the region of 14s. Besides owning twelve hundred acres of freehold land within four miles of Johannesburg, the company possesses 50,000 Cinderella Deep shares, and £10,000 of Transvaal Five per Cent. Bonds. To buy the shares seems a fair speculative risk.

So far, the Kaffir Circus has developed few signs of that full boom for which the market sighs, but the feeling of strength is so pronounced that, as we stated before, there appears to be little likelihood of any decided set-back even though the speculating public should still decline to take a hand in the game.

MORE COAL BORINGS.

The following letter has reached us from Barrow-in-Furness. It opens up a vast field for speculation as to the buried riches of this country, and we confess we would much rather hear that payable coal was found at great depths in the Barrow neighbourhood than in Kent.

To THE CITY EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH."

Sir.—"Kent Coal," suggests that "Buy Kent Coalfields" is the only moral which "The Man in the Street" draws from a recent notorious litigation, but I beg to state that, in this district, the moral which we draw from it is quite different, and is, in fact, "If coal exists under the Chalk in Kent, why should it not exist under the Limestone in Barrow, or adjoining up to it in the great 'Downthrow' in our immediate vicinity, where, in the highest probability, Nature has hidden her treasure?"

A powerful syndicate to bore for coal has been formed by our great local mining-engineer, Mr. A. H. Strongitharm, and other competent experts are strongly of opinion that its efforts will be crowned with success.—Yours obediently,
BARROW COAL.

Saturday, March 2, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

STELLA.—You need be under no alarm about your Railway shares. Of course, all Railway Ordinary are liable to fluctuation with good and bad years, and the Deferred stock is especially unsuitable to a person with limited income. Taking your investments one by one, Maple's may go wrong; so may Consols. You cannot have absolute certainty in this world. The risk of the Breweries is hostile legislation. Get out of them; neither look like rising. The Railway Deferred are, from a dividend point of view, risky, especially the South-Eastern, but, taken all together, there is no prospect of your being ruined. You might sell Nos. 3 and 4, perhaps even 5 and 6, and re-invest in Egyptian Unified or Industrial Trust Unified Stock, where there is little chance of fluctuation in the yield.

A. J. H.—We should hold, but it is advice very open to doubt.

R. C. V.—(1) No. De Beers Debentures are better. (2) Fairly secured. (3) Ditto. We prefer the 6 per cent. Bonds. (4) For our money, 6 per cent. Chinese Gold Bonds would be most attractive. (5) Grand Trunk Guaranteed, Imperial Continental Gas Stock, or Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds should suit you.

NOVICE.—You have got the wrong address, surely. We know of an "F. M. W." of 4, Tokenhouse Buildings, and suppose you mean this gentleman, who is an old member of the Stock Exchange, and, we think, quite reliable. It is possible that some people may be trading on this gentleman's name, with an address calculated to deceive, in which case have nothing to do with them.

T. W.—We hear that J. T. Allbutt, 32, Holborn Viaduct, might be able to give you some information as to the Building Society.

BOSTON DICK.—The company is one in which we have little faith, and we do not advise further purchase.

ROME.—Both firms are respectable. The second one is well known to us, and certainly quite trustworthy.

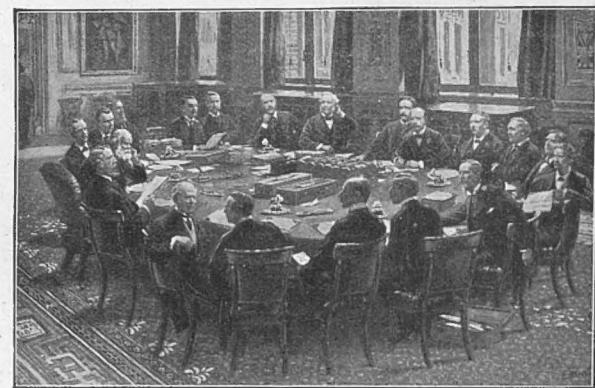
We are asked by the Secretary of the National Provident Institution to state that the expense ratio to total income is only 7 per cent. The working expenses represent 10 7 per cent. of the premium income, against 15 per cent. as an average of all Life Offices. We regret the mistake, which we are glad to correct.

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